

A SELECT NUMBER of
SPIRITUAL HYMNS.

TAKEN FROM
The most Strong, Plain, and Suitable TEXTS
in the OLD and NEW TESTAMENT.

HAVING
The general Scope, or Meaning at the beginning of
each HYMN.

Principally intended, for allarming the Sinner, reviving,
'comforting, and building up the Saint; and well calculated
for the New-Testament days.

S H E W I N G,
What we are by NATURE, and what by GRACE.

A D A P T E D,
Either for the Use of the Congregation, Family, or the devout
Christian's Meditation, under every circumstance in life.

W I T H
All the TYPES and TITLES given to our blessed LORD,
through the Scriptures.

By D A V I D M I T C H E L L,
Schoolmaster in G L A S G O W.

To which is added, St. AUGUSTIN'S HYMN.

*Non vox, sed votum; non musica chordula, sed cor:
Non clamans, sed amans, psallit in aure Dei.*

That is,
'Tis not the voice, but vow,
Sound heart, not sounding string;
True zeal, not outward show,
That in God's ear doth ring.

G L A S G O W:

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Present MINISTERS in the City of GLASGOW.

THE following Number of SPIRITUAL HYMNS,
is humbly Dedicated, under your mild and equitable
Administration, as a small tribute of thanks, for
the countenance and encouragement given me, of

iv DEDICATION.

late years, as Teacher of the Town's Hospital; and now Teacher of one of your Charity Schools.

The lowness of the stile, or what mistakes or inaccuracies may be found, either in the matter, or composition, is humbly submitted to the superior judgment, and candid indulgence of the Reverend Ministers, By,

HONOURABLE and REVEREND GENTLEMEN,

Your Most Obedient,

And very Humble SERVANT,

GLASGOW, }
Aug. 16th, 1781. }

DAVID MITCHELL.

(V)

P R E F A C E,

To all my Well-wishers, the ENCOURAGERS of this PERFORMANCE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

IT gives me now a particular degree of pleasure, to think, that GOD has spared me to finish these HYMNS; that I have for so long a time past been preparing for the press; and, which now, I would fain hope, will give entire satisfaction to all who seriously will peruse them.

At first, indeed, I intended them chiefly for my own private meditation; but having shown them to some particular persons, they persuaded me much to emit them to the public; and considering, that no scripture is of private interpretation, nor no talent given by GOD, to be wraped up in a napkin, or buried in the dust; I was chearfully influenced to comply with the desire.

This work, however, would have much sooner appeared in public; but having so little time from my other business, and my worldly circumstances and situation very much thwarting my inclinations, was one great occasion of such a tedious delay.

It is not to be wondered, that the patience of my subscribers was almost worn out, and might look upon my design as a mock, or imposition upon them: for, I must own, that many times, through one discouragement or another thrown in my way, I have been made to lay down my pen, to scatter my thoughts, and even myself have despaired of ever seeing them in print, after all my labour: but am now happy in the disappointment.

It may indeed be alledged, and I know it has been already said by some, That they have the Psalms of David, and a number of other poetical works, done by great Authors, and therefore, they have no use for this my weak performance; or, perhaps, may think the number of my pages, is but a bad penny-worth for their money.

In answer to these; as for the Psalms of David, I ever did and will esteem them; for, without doubt, the subject-matter of them was indited by the Spirit of God, as all the other scriptures were: yet, if any person would but advert a little, they will readily find, that the Psalms of David, are of an oriental phrase, composed upon a great variety of occasions, peculiarly suited to the Psalmist himself, as being a type of Christ, and to the troubles and commotions

that then prevailed in his family and government: but, which few, at least in our age, can so well understand, or sing, with a true spirit of devotion.

Besides, let it be observed, that many of the Psalms were principally intended for instrumental music, the stanzas of uncommon metre, and scarce is there to be found above eight or twelve lines together of the same meaning, or coherence; and very often repetitions in the very same words and sense: on all which accounts, I still think, that but few of the Psalms can, with propriety, be applied to the cases of Christians in the New-Testament days.

But, I also own, there are many other excellent poetical performances, of a more modern taste upon the scriptures, done by far abler pens than mine; however, their spirit turning so much upon church controversies, and pointing at particular characters, or consisting of uncommon metre, has rendered them, in some measure, not so useful to be sung, either in the family or congregation.

There is nothing of this kind, I do think, has yet appeared in public, to equal the Assembly's Paraphrase in sweetness of stile; though, indeed it must be acknowledged, upon the slightest view, that many of their flowers are pluckt from other mens gardens: yet they have no variety of stanzas; the Hymns themselves, are generally very short; and after all, conclude with that remarkable periodical number, *forty-five*.

Thus finding there was still room for gleanings in the scripture field, I was the more encouraged to go forth: but if such a large body of learned men, had extended their views a little further, they would have done more honour to themselves, and in a great measure, have prevented such feeble pens from making the attempt.

As to my mode of composition, it consists of three different stanzas, or kinds of metre; *First*, Six and eight syllables in the line, called, *Common metre*. *Secondly*, Eight syllables in each line, called, *Long metre*, and which is more seldom sung. And, *thirdly*, Ten syllables in each line, *Uncommon metre*; or, if you please, may call it, *Heart music*, as indeed it is not practised in our present church-tunes; but is more agreeable to private Christian's meditation, or families that have not learned music at all.

The number of Hymns I have fixed upon is seventy; whether in memory of the seventy elders, appointed by God to assist Moses, in governing the children of Israel; or the age of man, which the Psalmist sums up to three score and ten years; or the seventy years captivity of the children of Israel in Babylon; or the seventy weeks mentioned in Daniel's prophecy; or the seventy disciples of our Lord; or the seventy interpreters of the Holy Bible, is not very material; but shall leave it to critics to conjecture.

Be this as it will, the primary and ultimate aim I had by composing these Hymns, was to humble

and lay the creature and self in the dust; to magnify the free grace and original love of God; and to celebrate the praises of the glorious Redeemer, and restorer of fallen man. They are also well calculated to excite, govern, and regulate the devotion of the pious; to temperate the fervour of over hot zeal; to arrouse the dull; quicken the sluggish; and warm the frozen heart: and in all these I have avoided, as much as possible, either to flatter, or offend.

But what shall I say to the sons and daughters of Gallio, that cares not to open their mouth to sing the praises of God? they think they have plenty of other books; they would more freely give a penny for an almanack, or half a crown for a play-house ticket, than for any thing of a religious nature: but to all such, I must say, That if they refuse to offer praise to God in his congregation of saints, or in their own families upon earth, they shall never be honoured to sing his praises with angels above.

Thus having shown a little, both of the method and matter of my little Book, what now remains, but to make a proper use and application of the whole; for, remember, that religion consists in works, not in words; in practising, not in prattling; which, that the Spirit of God may make this, and all other religious duties effectual to that end, shall be the constant prayer of,

Your soul's wellwisher, &c.

DAVID MITCHELL.

A

WORD to the SERIOUS and DEVOUT R E A D E R.

IT is you, and you only, that can reasonably expect to reap any advantage by this my small performance; and I flatter myself, that upon your serious perusal thereof, you will neither think my labour has been in vain, nor your money ill bestowed upon the purchase.

How many shillings is there thrown away upon mere trifles? and how much precious time and talents are wasted, both in composing and reading romantic stories, or play-books? without having any truth or reality for their foundation; and the drift of them tending only to impose on the ignorant, or corrupt the morals of the unwary reader: Whereas, here you will observe; the whole aim is the good of souls; the object pointed at in every line, is the glorious Redeemer; and the foundation of the whole subject is the holy scriptures, the word of God.

But for your greater help and information, I shall here lay down a few scripture rules, which I think absolutely necessary to be observed by every one in singing the praises of God.

1. Beware of singing divine Psalms, or spiritual Songs, for an ordinary recreation.

2. Study as much as you can, to sing David's Psalms with David's spirit.

3. Practise Paul's rule, *I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also*, 1 Cor. xiv. 15.

4. Uncover your heads with reverence, when ye sing the praises of God, unless on account of some disease, or bodily disorder; and however high in station you may be, or whatever gay clothing you may wear, remember God is infinitely higher; therefore be not ashamed to utter his praise, 1 Cor. xi. 4.

5. Let the matter of the Psalm, or Hymn, make more melody in your hearts, than the music in your ears; for the Lord is delighted in singing *with grace in the heart*, Eph. v. 19.

6. And as there are several Psalms more peculiarly adapted to certain times and circumstances than others, I shall also point you out what these are:

In the morning, you may sing, such as, Psal. iii, v, xvi, xxii, cxliv.

In the evening, you may sing, Psal. iv, cxxvii, cxli.

For the Sabbath-day, you may sing, Psal. i, xii, xix, xcii, xcv, cxlv.

For a communion occasion, you may sing, Psal. xxii, xxiii, ciii, cxi, cxiii.

For mercy, after a sin committed, Psal. li, ciii.

In time of sickness, or heaviness, Psal. vi, xiii, lxxxviii, xc, xci, cxxxvii, cxlvi.

When thou art converted, Psal. xxx, xxxii.

In time of joy, you may sing, Psal. lxxx, xcvi, cvii, cxxxvi, cxlv.

After wrongs and disgrace received, you may sing, Psal. xlii, lxix, lxx, cxl, cxliv.

For special solace and comfort, you may sing, Psal. xv, xix, xxv, xlvi, lxvii, cxii, cxvi.

7. There is one thing further I would here recommend with respect to praising God, whether in the congregation or family; and that is, The reading of every line: I know this will not be relished with every fine stomach upon the modern construction; and though I cannot convince every one of the propriety of this, yet I am abundantly convinced myself, that the not reading the line, is attended with a great many hurtful disadvantages, which I could easily show at great length; but leaves every one to their own judgment.

Thus, having now almost compleated my task, I was once afraid of offending some for saying too little, now I am affraid I have offended some for saying too much: but hopes for your favourable construction upon every error and mistake, your greater wisdom may find here.

Now, wishing that the Father of mercies, by his divine blessing and power, may carry these things home upon our hearts; that they may be useful to many souls, and may be productive of suitable fruits and effects afterwards for his glory and our good, is, and ever shall be, the earnest prayer of,

Your constant and assured Wellwisher,

And most humble Servant,

DAVID MITCHELL.

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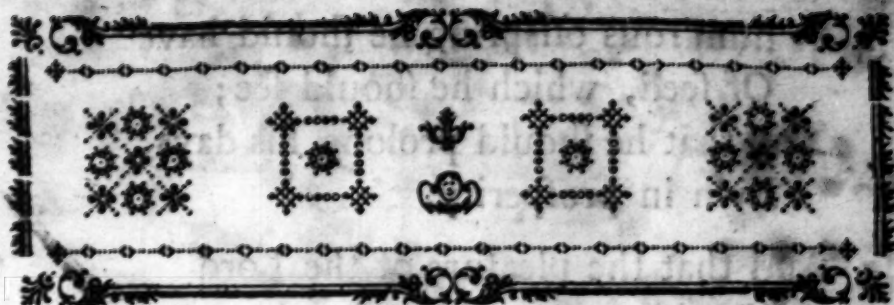
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SPIRITUAL HYMNS.

H Y M N I.

*The Covenant of Grace, betwixt God the Father and
the Son from eternity, JOHN iii. 16, 17.*

1 **T**HE cov'nant of redemption,
Between God and his Son;
It was contrived in the heav'ns
Before the world begun.

2 For God did say unto the Son,
If he would but accept,
To suffer mis'ry on this earth,
And pay the elects debt.

3 And that for paying of the same,
Great pleasure he should see;
Ev'n of the travail of his soul,
Which should him satisfy.

4 A num'rous offspring he should have
Of seed, which he should see;
And that he should prolong his days,
Ev'n in prosperity.

5 And that the pleasure of the Lord
Should prosper in his hand,
That many he might justify
And pay the law's demand.

6 The Son, then to the Father said,
I love to do thy will;
And a great pleasure I will take
Thy pleasure to fulfil.

7 My love is to the sons of men
From all eternity,
That I may bring them all again
Out of their misery.

8 To set them all at liberty,
This I will undertake,
I freely will lay down my life,
Ev'n for the elects sake.

9 I'll pay the ransom for them all,
That I may them redeem
From wrath, and from the pains of hell,
For I their souls esteem.

10 O wond'rous love, without compare,
That God would send his Son
To die for lost man,
Who was quite undone!

- 11 Ev'n his beloved and delight,
Which in his bosom lay,
To suffer death upon the cross
The elects debt to pay.
- 12 A wonder of great wonders is,
That ever Christ should come
To suffer mis'ry on this earth,
And stand in sinners room.
- 13 And likewise we may wonder still,
That God did Adam call;
A fugitive, and run-away,
Ev'n after he did fall!
- 14 Or that a promise he should give,
Him to restore again;
Yea, ev'n when he polluted was,
And worthy of hell's pain.
- 15 The admiration of our hearts,
And wond'ring at Christ's love,
Here are but feeble, faint, and weak,
Till once we sing above.
- 16 To think upon the love of Christ,
That he should undertake,
To suffer death upon the cross;
For all the elects sake.
- 17 O lovely JESUS is his name!
Because he saves his own,
And loveth their memorial
For evermore to come.



H Y M N II.

The great Wonders of Creative Power.

PSALM cxlv. 9.

- 1 **O** How sublime a wisdom could intend
So vast a plan! to ev'ry part descend;
And know their various int'rests to pursue,
At one clear unperplex'd immediate view.
- 2 Admir'd omniscience! that at once can see,
Past, present, and whate'er shall future be;
How great a pow'r, must all their wants supply,
Its cares how watchful, and its aid how nigh?
- 3 Each spring to move, each hindrance to controul,
And act by parts, subservient to the whole;
Creator infinite! with thy due praise,
Let me begin, and also end my days.
- 4 These are thy works, blest architect divine,
Ev'n all this universal offspring thine;
Thy breath first bade inactive matter move,
And strait with life, the lifeless atoms strove.
- 5 Producing animals; both plant and flow'r,
Concurrent proof of wisdom, and of pow'r;
Thy patent word, infus'd the solar light,
And spread the curtain of refreshing night.

- 6 With splendid orbs, enrich'd the void profound:
Created man, and rolling worlds around:
O sing his praise! it is most justly due,
Created kinds, the strains of praise from you.
- 7 How grateful the deserv'd returns of love!
Praise him then earth, and worlds that are above:
Each pow'r, whole nature, all his works conspire,
In songs of praise; an universal choir.
- 8 Thou sun! creation's pure resplendant eye,
And all the solar orbs, that deck the sky;
Praise the dread pow'r! whose goodness ye proclaim,
And let your warbling spheres exalt his name.
- 9 Thou moon, whose rays diffuse a silver light,
Brightens the shapeless gloom of sable night:
And you satellitary orbs on high,
Who kindly beams to other worlds supply.
- 10 Hymn your Creator's praise; whose skill divine,
Impow'r'd your mass to roll, your globes to shine:
Ye comets, that in long eclipses stray,
While you are finishing your annual way.
- 11 Thou darkness, nature's emblematic tomb,
Yield him your rev'rence of impressive gloom:
Ye winds, in troubled air, your voices raise
And swell with loud accents your Master's praise.
- 12 Praise him ye seasons; spring, with noval face;
And the summer, blooming with nature's grace;
Ripe autumn, clad with grapes, and harvest crown'd,
And winter cold, his solemn praise resound.

13 Man! image of thy Maker's moral pow'r,
 Last labour'd work of heav'n's creating hour;
 And shall his goodness, his indulgence move
 No warm returns, nor swell the praise of love?

14 Priest of the mute creation, he demands
 Their off'rings from thy consecrated hands;
 Deputed Lord, from thy dead slumber start,
 Let nature wake, awake the pow'rs of art.

15 Praise him each creature, plenitude and space,
 Things of incarnate, and of living race;
 From the terrestrial, to the starry pole,
 Praise him his works, and thou my prostrate soul.



H Y M N III.

*Heaven upon Earth; or, Adam in a state of Innocency,
 which was but of a very short duration, GEN. i.
 26,—31.*

1 **T**HIS vast and large extensive globe,
 A place prepar'd for man's abode;
 When God created every thing,
 Confusion did to order bring.

2 The splendid sun his pow'r display,
 With heat and light, through the whole day;
 The moon also, she giveth light,
 Even through the dark and sable night.

- 3 O sun and moon, that giveth light,
And stars that sparkle in the night;
Shew forth your great Creator's pow'r,
The universal Governor.
- 4 This more, his mighty pow'r displays,
He made all things within six days;
He spoke the word, and all was done,
And brought unto perfection soon.
- 5 Adam was pure, and free from sin,
When God first breathed life in him;
His dwelling also then was good,
And furnished with pleasant food.
- 6 And Lord of ev'ry thing that lives,
Beasts on the earth, fish in the seas;
And fowls that fly in open air,
He rul'd o'er all in ev'ry where.
- 7 The morning stars together sang,
When God at first created man;
They chearfully their voice did raise,
And sang their great Creator's praise.
- 8 So Adam was a happy man,
When heav'nly hosts about him sang;
When in that pleasant paradise,
A garden then of rest and ease.
- 9 God's countenance did on him shine,
And there the music was most fine;
Made Adam to admire and gaze,
When they their songs most did raise.

10 This garden then was most compleat,
And all their comforts was most sweat;
No turb'lent creature was at all
In paradise before the fall.

11 O happy were they there and blest,
When in that pleasant place of rest!
Nothing then but peace and pleasure,
Harmony 'mongst ev'ry creature.

12 Midst of this garden grew a tree,
Whose fruit to Adam was not free;
For God forbad to eat the same,
Or suffer death, endure hell's flame.



H Y M N IV.

The Origin of Sin; or, Adam's fall in Paradise.

GEN. iii.

1 **N**OW Adam in his purity,
In perfect innocence,
He had great pleasure on this earth,
Until he gave offence.

2 He his Creator did offend,
And soon did go astray;
Out of the way of righteousness,
Did wander from the way.

- 3 Though God did promise unto him,
That he should ever live,
In peace and pleasure evermore,
And nothing should him grieve.
- 4 So long as he did him obey,
And put not forth his hand,
To eat of the forbidden fruit,
The promise firm should stand.
- 5 God gave this law in paradise
To Adam the first day,
When that he had created him,
To walk in perfect way.
- 6 God's law to Adam was a rule,
Which he should still observe:
A punishment there was decreed,
If from it he should swerve.
- 7 This covenant God made with man:
On God's part it was sure;
But man in that same blessed state,
He did not long endure.
- 8 The serpent being full of wiles,
Thought he might man enslave;
Eve, she did hearken to his voice,
And he did her deceive.
- 9 There grows a tree in paradise,
Whose fruit most pleasant is;
The serpent did suggest to Eve,
The same will make you wise:

- 10 Will make you wise, like unto God,
The fruit upon this tree,
Is very sweet unto the taste,
And pleasant to the eye.
- 11 How came thou to have speech, said Eve,
And could speak none before?
Your voice is pleasant in mine ear,
Your songs aloft doth soar.
- 12 He with his cunning subtle voice,
Did charm so in her ear;
Thou queen and empress of the earth,
Of death have thou no fear.
- 13 Will God give me the fruit to eat,
And it deny to thee?
It will make you wise like himself,
And good and evil see.
- 14 So Eve desirous to be wise,
Did soon put forth her hand;
And took of the forbidden fruit,
And gave to her husband.
- 15 So both of them did eat the fruit,
Which grew upon that tree;
Contrary unto God's command,
Which was their misery.
- 16 For, Adam he did soon forget,
What God did say to him;
And his command he did forsake,
And plung'd himself in sin.

- 17 So death was threat'ned unto them,
 For eating of the same:
 Great terror then did on them fall,
 For fear they had been slain.
- 18 His peace and pleasure he then lost,
 And found both fear and grief;
 He looked for deserved wrath,
 And could find no relief.
- 19 His heart within him was perplex'd,
 For the ill he had done;
 His grief and sorrow did abound,
 His sin had him undone.
- 20 He looked for eternal wrath,
 Which is the pains of hell;
 He knew he did the same deserve,
 Whenever that he fell.
- 21 The wrath of God hung o'er his head,
 Though God did smile before;
 He angry was at Adam's sin,
 For God doth sin abhor.
- 22 So good he then soon came to know,
 By losing of the same;
 And evil likewise came to know,
 But found not to his gain.
- 23 While in the state of innocence,
 He had a pleasant time;
 The goodness of almighty God,
 Did ever on him shine.

- 24 But he had fallen from that state,
He was created in;
And evil now instead of good,
He knew since he did sin,
- 25 His nakedness did then appear,
Which was unto his shame;
His mis'ry he did also see,
And had himself to blame.
- 26 Poor Adam now was fore cast down,
No pleasure could he see;
His sin did stare him in the face,
Which was his misery.
- 27 And ev'ry minute he did think,
That he would fall by death;
And end his days in grief and wo,
And bear deserved wrath.
- 28 Now, Adam he had lost all hopes,
His debt he could not pay;
Because his stock was in his hand,
He did the bankrupt play.
- 29 Neither could he at all find out,
A way himself to save;
They could not all the ransom pay,
That on this earth do live.
- 30 Nor all the angels in the heav'ns,
They could not all contrive;
Nor could they all find out a way,
To save poor man alive.

31 Yea, men and angels, all at once;
That is, or that have been;
They could not all the ransom pay,
That they might man redeem.

32 The whole creation baffled is,
Too weak for such a task;
They could not all one sinner save,
But die they must at last.



H Y M N V.

*Our woful and wretched State now by nature, on
account of Adam's Transgression, ROM. v. 12.*

1 **S**O we may all of us perceive,
That we are dead in sin;
An evil root of bitterness,
Which did from Adam spring.

2 For Adam being the fed'ral head,
Of all mankind on earth;
We surely are in sin conceiv'd,
Which comes with us at birth.

3 As soon as we come to this world,
Our sin doth soon appear;
Because we grudge with discontent,
Whenever we come here.

- 4 And yea, ev'n in our younger years,
Before we understand;
We often do the devil serve,
It comes best to our hand.
- 5 And when we come to riper years,
We often go aside;
Our hearts are ever bent for ill,
And always set on pride.
- 6 Contention then, and enmity,
The same ariseth from;
They're seated in the heart of man,
From whence envy doth come.
- 7 Envy, I think, is call'd aright,
The rott'ness of the bones;
An ill disease, that loathsome is,
Which from the devil comes.
- 8 And he hath now a student been,
Near to six thousand years;
To study our complexions well,
And knows what sins us please.
- 9 Corruptions many in our heart,
They often flow amain;
And then the devil fast does drive,
That he his prize may gain.
- 10 We have no strength of our ownelves,
For to withstand the same;
And when we're left to our own wills,
The serpent wins the game.

11 We have not power of ourselves,
 To think but one good thought;
 When we depend upon our strength,
 It will come soon to nought.

12 We're weak and feeble of ourselves,
 And have not strength at all;
 The glory, and the strength of man,
 Was lost at Adam's fall.

13 And we're not able of ourselves,
 To get this strength again;
 Although we may attempt the same,
 It will be but in vain.

14 So we must surely look for help,
 And by great price be bought;
 Because we are bow'd down with sin,
 And can't think one good thought.

15 We have no knowledge of ourselves,
 Averse to what is good;
 And always we incline to sin,
 And that which is most rude.

16 The law doth say, that we are dead,
 And its demands can't pay;
 Nor can we any ransom give,
 God's wrath to pacify.

17 No righteousness we've of ourselves,
 But cloath'd with rags of sin;
 For Adam sure did weave this web,
 And Eve the same did spin.

- 18 Our case is hopeless, we may think,
We cannot strength recall;
The breach is wide, for to make up,
Was made at Adam's fall.
- 19 We are polluted so with sin,
Which still in us remain;
That mankind nothing now can do,
Till grace restore again.
- 20 Poor man must now for ever ly
Under this burden still;
Till God sent forth his only Son,
Who has both strength and skill.



H Y M N VI.

*The glorious Recovery of fallen Man: or, a Word of
Comfort to Adam's ruined Posterity, through the
Seed of the Woman, GEN. iii. 14, 15.*

- 1 **N**OW Adam in his fallen state,
Knew not well what to do;
But from God's presence fast did fly,
And knew not where to go.
- 2 He had no cloaths to cover him,
But apron of fig-leaves;
And then into a thicket bush,
He hid himself as thieves.

- 3 Now, Adam had but a poor shift,
To run away from God;
And hid himself in thickets there,
His refuge was but bad.
- 4 Yet God did call to him, even then,
Said, Adam, where art thou?
Though thy transgression's very great,
Yet my compassions flow.
- 5 For I will comfort give to thee,
In the cool of my wrath;
Although I angry was at thee,
Because thou finned hath.
- 6 The woman surely shall conceive,
And will bring forth a seed,
Which will restore to life again,
And bruise the serpent's head.
- 7 The serpent, that did thee deceive,
He surely shall be curst;
And on his belly he shall go,
And lick the very dust.
- 8 And the transgressions thou hast done,
Thou smertly shall it rue;
For thou shalt surely eat thy bread,
With the sweat of thy brow.
- 9 Yet notwithstanding I will have
Compassion thee upon;
For I will give to ransom thee,
My well-beloved Son.



H Y M N VII.

The Power and Wisdom of God, COL. i. 16.

- 1 **G**OD made the heav'ns and verdant earth,
Likewise the starry frame;
For he's a God, that's great in pow'r,
And they declare the same.
- 2 This God, he is above all gods;
So we should give him praise;
Because he did create all things,
Upholds the same always.
- 3 His pow'r surpasses all our thoughts,
Who can the same express?
He cannot comprehended be;
This God of mightiness.
- 4 His mighty deeds, who can set forth,
Unto perfection?
No man that lives upon the earth,
His wisdom search can none.
- 5 His wisdom, and his mighty pow'r,
Do shine conspicuously;
For all the works are marvellous,
Of God, who is most high.

- 6 For all his great and wond'rous works,
 They hold him forth to be
 A God of glory, and of truth,
 Ev'n from eternity.

H Y M N VIII.

*The incomparable Treasure of the holy Scriptures;
 where Saint and Sinner may behold, as in a Glass,
 their own Picture, and know their Character for
 Eternity, JOHN v. 39. 2 TIM. iii. 16.*

- 1 **H**ERE is the spring, where waters flow,
 To quench the heat of sin;
 Here is the tree, where truth doth grow,
 To lead our lives therein.
- 2 Here is the Judge, that stops the strife,
 When mens devices fail;
 Here is the bread, that feeds the life,
 That death cannot assail.
- 3 The tidings of salvation dear,
 Comes to our ears from hence;
 The fortress of our faith is here,
 And shield of our defence.

4 Then, be not like the hog, that hath
A pearl at his desire;
Yet takes more pleasure in the trough,
And wallowing in the mire.

5 Pray still in faith, with this respect,
To fructify therein;
That knowledge may bring this effect,
To mortify thy sin.

6 Then happy thou, in all thy life,
Whatever thee befalls;
Yea, double happy shalt thou be,
When God by death thee calls.



H Y M N IX.

*Balm of Gilead: Holding forth the Restoration, or
Redemption of lost Mankind, how it was Decreed,
and gradually Revealed, until the Nativity of our
Blessed Saviour, JER. viii. 22.*

1 **T**HOUGH Satan, death, and hell conspire,
To throw me in eternal fire;
Yet some of Adam's wretched race,
Receiv'd shall be, by God's free grace.

- 2 Before the earth foundation took,
It written was in heaven's book,
Eternal and a firm decree,
In council of the Trinity.
- 3 That Christ, Jehovah's only Son,
Should be a living corner-stone:
In him were some elect to be,
Choice vessels to eternity.
- 4 Did that immense, eternal God!
In light, who hath a firm abode,
One essence, in bless'd Trinity,
Three persons, in that unity.
- 5 Who from none else, doth seek supply,
For in him all perfections be:
My good to him doth not extend,
For why? His glory hath no end.
- 6 Did that great God! my bliss contrive,
Me wretched worm to keep alive;
To keep me from eternal fire,
When hellish pow'rs did all conspire?
- 7 How shall poor I, then thankful prove,
For this great mercy, this free love?
My soul shall all her pow'rs extend,
Christ to extol, world without end.
- 8 To Adam this was first reveal'd,
When to temptation he did yield:
He trembling ran, himself to hide,
God's presence, he could not abide.

- 9 When guilty of apostacy,
By tasting the forbidden tree;
Horror of conscience did him fright,
Ill, does always shun the true light.
10. God frowns; and angels do forsake;
The heav'n is shut; the infernal lake
Is ready to receive; and so
Nothing remains, but wrath and wo.
- 11 But he, whose opportunity,
Is wretches great extremity:
God, who dispenses ev'ry lot,
Is found of those who sought him not.
- 12 He calls for Adam, of free grace,
And preach'd to him a blessed peace;
Come Adam, thou has greatly sinn'd,
Yet with me, thou may'st mercy find.
- 13 Afflictions great thou must endure;
But thy salvation shall be sure:
I shall thee send a blessed seed,
And he shall bruise the serpent's head.
- 14 This is the covenant of grace,
Which brings my soul to sweet solace;
There is a gracious paction,
Betwixt the Father and the Son.
- 15 And by the Son; with Adam's race,
Who should repent, and seek his grace:
The Son unto the Father spake,
I will man's nature on me take.

16 I will myself a ransom give,
 For the elect, that they may live;
 Come Son, quoth God, if thou do so,
 They shall be safe from hell and wo.

17 The Father to poor man, he saith,
 If thou believe with saving faith,
 In Christ my Son, I'll give thee peace;
 Eternal love shall thee embrace.

18 The Lord did promise ev'n the same,
 To faithful Father Abraham;
 That in his seed, all should be blest,
 And get from him eternal rest.

19 This promise grew more full and clear,
 Until the full time did draw near;
 So that Messiah's time and place,
 The prophet told to Isra'l's race.

20 This blest'd Christ, who glorious is,
 Prefigur'd was by sacrifice;
 By types and shadows, many a one,
 Ev'n to his incarnation.

21 This seed, is that Messiah's great;
 Eternal God, without all date:
 Hence doth my drooping soul revive,
 For he salvation will me give.

22 I'll now my meditation raise,
 For this the angels doth amaze:
 I'll soar on contemplation's wings,
 Admiring these celestial things.



H Y M N X.

*Of Christ's Nativity: His matchless Person; His
Divine and Human Natures; and His All-suffici-
ency to save Sinners by his Offices, LUKE ii.
13, 14.*

1 **O**! Joyful tidings do I hear,
At Bethlem in a heav'nly quire;
The Angels sing, and shout for joy,
When Christ was born, that blessed boy.

2 To God be glory, peace on earth,
Good-will to men, O! blessed birth:
Go shepherds; go, and leave your tent,
This day to you a Saviour's sent.

3 To Bethlem run, and him behold,
Of whom the prophets have foretold:
Ye shall the great Messiah see,
In whom all nations blessed be.

4 O! How great sweetness Jesus Lord,
Thy very name my soul afford!
For Jesus is a Saviour sure,
To give my soul a sov'reign cure.

- 5 Christ, he's the chief anointed one;
To him a parallel is none:
Not with the oil material,
Prescrib'd by law Levitical:
- 6 But with the Sp'rit 'bove all measure;
Hence my life, my joy, my treasure:
Transcendent gifts, I know right well,
He hath my soul to keep from hell.
- 7 Christ's birth, his life, his death, and all,
His acts and suff'rings, great and small,
Are balsam for my bleeding wound;
In him alone salvation's found.
- 8 The wonder first for to begin,
A man is born free of all sin:
The like was not, since Adam's fall;
This cleanses sin original.
- 9 Another thing I do admire,
That God eternal comes so near:
My nature frail, he did assume;
This keeps me from a dismal doom.
- 10 If God and man, none can so well,
God and lost mankind reconcile;
This great Messias only can
Make peace for sinful wretched man.
- 11 As God, he cannot but prevail;
As man, my brother will not fail:
To plead for me, that heinous crimes
May not condemn in judging times.

- 12 By sin, though I be quite undone,
And there's no help below the sun;
Yet Jesus Christ he can me save,
Who rose triumphing from the grave.
- 13 Though I be full of putred sores,
And sinful nature good abhors;
Yet Christ is that Physician sure,
His precious blood will me all cure.
- 14 I'm dead in sin, I cannot move,
Nor speak, nor think, of things above;
But Christ will come with quick'ning grace,
And will afford my soul solace.
- 15 Though wrath and curse I do deserve,
For I did not God's laws observe;
Yet Christ the curse did bear for me,
And nail'd my sins unto the tree.
- 16 Though I deserve infernal pains,
Nothing in me but sin remains;
Christ's painful death, shall me relieve,
He did a ransom for me give.
- 17 Though I deserve eternal shame,
For gross profaning of God's name;
Christ's ignominy and disgrace,
Keeps me from a confounded face.
- 18 Like stars, my sins in number be,
Or like the drops in ocean sea;
Yet do his mercies far transcend,
In number far, they have no end.

19 Ev'n crimson red by sin am I;
 My sins are of a double dye:
 But Christ will make me white as snow;
 Me to exalt he came below.

20 For us poor sinners, for our sakes,
 Three offices he undertakes:
 Then joyfully, I'll say, and sing,
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King.



H Y M N XI.

*The Blessed Bethlehemite; or, Christ's Excellency: Containing a Description of the Lord Jesus Christ, his Types, Titles, and Attributes, given to Him in the Scripture, MATTH. i. 1, 2. **

P A R T I.

1 'T IS not for nought, that wise men sought
 To worship Christ new born:
 Till by his blood he had us bought,
 We wretches were forlorn.

* The scripture texts on which these names, titles, and attributes are founded, will be seen at the end of the book, in an alphabetical order.

- 2 The heav'ns did ring, the angels sing,
And shout for joy to see,
That mortal man undone by sin,
Is fre'd from misery.
- 3 That blessed babe in Bethlem born,
Is all in all to me;
As in this holy scripture song,
Most plainly you may see.
- 4 Then I'll begin to banish sin,
Contemning worldly toys;
With wings I'll fly, and soar on high,
Seeking for heav'nly joys.
- 5 I'll watch and pray, I'll mourn alway,
For my transgressions great;
With faith, hope, charity will I,
Both read and meditate.
- 6 The first theme then, that I will choide,
For my instruction;
Christ's names, and titles, I will peruse,
And meditate upon.
- 7 He's second Adam, who repairs,
What Adam did destroy;
He's advocate, to plead for me,
That sin may not annoy.
- 8 Christ's Alpha, and Omega blest;
Beginning, and the end;
That golden altar, whereupon
Our prayers may ascend.

- 9 Amen, the truth of promises;
The ancient of days;
The angel of the covenant;
Anointed us to raise.
- 10 Of our profession, he's the great
Apostle above all:
Delicious apple-tree, that yields
The fruit most cordial.
- 11 An ark, wherein the richest store
Of treasure may be found;
Ark for my soul, that it by sin
And death may not be drown'd:
- 12 Atonement, for to make my peace,
And expiate my sin:
Author and finisher of faith;
That favour I may win.
- 13 This blessed babe in Bethlem born,
For me his blood did spend;
Beloved of the Father; hence
Love doth to man descend.
- 14 The bishop of our souls, to watch
The foolish straying sheep;
In gospel net, our souls to catch,
And in his ways to keep.
- 15 Christ is Physician for my soul;
A plant of great renown;
A polish'd shaft, the power of God,
To pull my en'mies down.

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And shout for joy to see,
That mortal man undone by sin,
Is fre'd from misery.
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What Adam did destroy;
He's advocate, to plead for me,
That sin may not annoy.
- 8 Christ's Alpha, and Omega blest;
Beginning, and the end;
That golden altar, whereupon
Our prayers may ascend.

- 9 Amen, the truth of promises;
The ancient of days;
The angel of the covenant;
Anointed us to raise.
- 10 Of our profession, he's the great
Apostle above all:
Delicious apple-tree, that yields
The fruit most cordial.
- 11 An ark, wherein the richest store
Of treasure may be found;
Ark for my soul, that it by sin
And death may not be drown'd:
- 12 Atonement, for to make my peace,
And expiate my sin:
Author and finisher of faith;
That favour I may win.
- 13 This blessed babe in Bethlem born,
For me his blood did spend;
Beloved of the Father; hence
Love doth to man descend.
- 14 The bishop of our souls, to watch
The foolish straying sheep;
In gospel net, our souls to catch,
And in his ways to keep.
- 15 Christ is Physician for my soul;
A plant of great renown;
A polish'd shaft, the power of God,
To pull my en'mies down.

- 16 Priest, offering, and altar too;
 He is my Prince of peace:
 Propitiation good and true,
 A prophet full of grace.
- 17 A quick'ning spirit, to revive
 A soul in sin that's dead:
 Rabbi to teach; a ransom for
 A soul that's captive led:
- 18 Ev'n my Redeemer, with his blood,
 He's right'ousness to save;
 A resurrection from the dead,
 Triumphant o'er the grave.
- 19 Of ages rock impregnable:
 The root of Jesse strong;
 The rose of Sharon beautiful;
 He's ruler us among.
- 20 The word of God essential;
 The subject, scope, and end,
 Of written word; and wonderful
 Salvation to send.
- 21 A sacrifice, for all our sins;
 A sanctuary secure:
 The true Samaritan, my soul
 That's wounded for to cure.
- 22 A Samson, thousands to destroy,
 Of Philistines profane;
 The gates of Gaza bore away,
 Death's gates and all his train.

23 And in his death, O wonderful!
The greatest victory;
Christ gets o'er sin, grave, Satan, hell,
And routs them totally.

24 A Saviour, my poor soul to save;
The scape-goat, for to bear
My woful sins: his sceptre brave,
Doth free my soul of fear.



H Y M N XII.

More of Christ's Names, Titles, and Attributes.

HEB. ii. 10.

P A R T II.

1 **C**H RIST Captain of salvation stout,
Of thousands ten the chief:
A child; yet champion, foes to rout,
And bring my soul relief.

2 A cluster is of sweet camphire,
Full of soul-saving grace:
A kind commander, me to chear,
And bring my soul to peace.

- 3 The bravest branch on Jesse's stem,
That ever on it grew:
The brazen serpent, which me cur'd,
When sin and wrath me flew.
- 4 The bread of life, which whose eats,
Shall not with hunger pine;
The bridegroom of my soul, whose love,
Is better far than wine.
- 5 The brightness of the Father's glory,
In whom the Godhead shines:
He's ocean full of saving grace,
More precious than the mines.
- 6 A divine doctor, who hath wit,
Thrice infinite in store:
A door, whereby we access get
Into celestial glory.
- 7 Israel's consolation,
The corner-stone is he;
Both Jew and Gentile for to join,
In one church curiously.
- 8 He's giv'n us for a covenant,
Which God and man hath ty'd:
A covert, from God's stormy wrath,
My counsellor and guide.
- 9 David, according to God's heart,
Goliath for to slay;
To kill ten thousands of my foes,
And drive them all away.

- 10 Day-star, to bring the morning light;
 Deliv'rer him I'll call:
 The holy Father's chief delight,
 Desire of nations all.
- 11 The eagle, on his soaring wings,
 His brood doth bear away,
 Far from all danger, so my soul,
 By Christ is kept alway.
- 12 My elder brother, for my good,
 The elect, one of might;
 An ensign, lifted up on high,
 My enemies to fright.
- 13 A servant, for our souls he was;
 Shiloh, sent for our good;
 The Son eternal, he's of all,
 A shepherd us to feed.
- 14 A standard to the world display'd;
 The star of Jacob, bright:
 A stone most precious, though refus'd;
 A sun, that's full of light.
- 15 A tabernacle, where our suits,
 Have answers most divine:
 A temple, where the Godhead dwells,
 And where doth glory shine.
- 16 The tree of life, far from all strife,
 With meat and medicine,
 Shall me supply, and satisfy,
 When paradise I win.

17 Christ; soul refreshing cordial grace,
 Like waters flow amain;
 The way, conducting to that place,
 Where souls are free of pain.

18 Vine-tree, to cherish me and give
 The sap of saving grace;
 The Father's wisdom; I believe,
 A witness, to release.

19 To-day, and yesterday the same,
 Ev'n to eternity:
 His wisdom, pow'r, and goodness great,
 Are furthcoming for me.

20 A fan of right'ousness, I say,
 To quicken and direct:
 From Christ my comfort, light, and life,
 He's Surety for my debt.

21 The high and lofty One, so great
 High-priest, for sacrifice;
 The holy one of Israel,
 And Isra'l's hope he is.

22 The horn of my salvation strong,
 To push my foes away;
 A loving husband to my soul,
 My grief for to allay.

23 An Isaac on the altar laid,
 And that most willingly;
 His soul for sin an off'ring made,
 Hence my felicity.

24 My joy, my intercessor dear,
 A judge that will not sway:
 Christ, King of kings, for op'ning hearts,
 Of David hath the key.

25 As Jonah cast into the deep,
 Yet he's restor'd again,
 After three days: a Joseph sold,
 By brethren with disdain.

26 Betray'd and sold, for little gold,
 Yet for his brethren's good;
 For they had famish'd, had he not
 Provided them with food.



H Y M N XIII.

More of Christ's Names, Titles, and Attributes.

MATTH. i. 25.

P A R T III.

1 **H**E's Jesus, or that Joshua great,
 To keep my soul from hell;
 The land of promise, will me give
 Gracious Emmanuel.

- 2 Immanuel; that is, God with us,
O wonder, and admire!
That God and man in person one,
Concur and come so near.
- 3 A ladder leading up to heav'n;
The meekest Lamb of God:
A law-giver, to frame and send
His statutes all abroad.
- 4 A leader, life, and glorious light;
A lily, white and fair:
Of Judah's tribe, the lion's stout;
A living-stone and rare.
- 5 End of the law, for its a guide
And schoolmaster to show,
That my foul sins, without his aid,
Will quite me overthrow.
- 6 And for the ceremonies all
As shadows they do fly;
When Christ the substance did appear,
It's finish'd he did cry.
- 7 As Enoch, most religious,
Did ever walk with God;
And after caught to heav'n where he
Eternal hath abode.
- 8 He's everlasting Father too,
For essence is that one;
In blessed three, yet person'ly,
He is the Father's Son.

- 9 First fruits of resurrection;
 He's the foundation sure;
 The fountain, whence the living streams
 Do flow, my soul to cure.
- 10 As fore-runner, he's gone before,
 These mansions to prepare;
 Where blessed fairs, in perfect gloire,
 And elect angels are.
- 11 Christ, fairer than the sons of men;
 A faithful steward he;
 Faithful in witness, and in word,
 He's first and last to me.
- 12 With fire of grace, he'll me baptize,
 To purge away my sin,
 And if need be, affliction's fire,
 Shall mortify my sin.
- 13 The goodly gift of God bestowed,
 On Adam's wretched race;
 The glory of his Israel,
 And true God for solace.
- 14 He's my great governor and guide,
 My foes he will deface:
 Head of the church, he's heir of all;
 He is my hiding place.
- 15 A Lord of lords, for other lords
 Have small supremacy:
 Thou'rt altogether lovely Lord,
 Therefore, I'll follow thee.

- 16 The man, restoring man to life;
Sweet manna for my food;
My master, to instruct my soul,
And teach me what is good.
- 17 The Mediator, for my sin,
The Father to appease:
Melchizedeck, the right'ous king,
To give me rest and ease.
- 18 Messiah, the anointed one,
To be priest, prophet, king:
The messenger of covenant,
Glad tidings for to bring.
- 19 The mercy-seat, he mercy gives,
When merit I have none:
Most mighty; and he's minister,
Of circumcision.
- 20 Of myrrh a bundle to revive;
A cordial for the faint;
Though we were dead, he'll make us live,
For this his blood was spent.
- 21 A new and living way to bring
To the Canaan above:
A Nazarite, sep'rate from sin,
Most worthy of our love.
- 22 As Noah did an ark prepare,
A remnant for to save,
When all the world was drown'd; so Christ
Life unto the world gave.

23 By wo, and wrath, sin, shame, and death,
Which make a fatal end;
We all had perish'd, but his blood,
For ransom he did spend.

24 An olive, with the branch of grace,
For ever fresh and green:
An ointment, poured forth, and full
Of odure and perfume.

25 The passover for me was slain,
The paschal lamb for food:
Our hearts by faith, bedew'd must be,
And sprinkled with his blood.

26 That the destroying angel may
Pass by, and do not kill:
He is our peace, and pearl of price,
With riches us to fill.

H Y M N XIV.

A Bundle of precious Promises; full of Soul-ravishing Comforts, purchased by Christ, and belonging to Believers in a state of Grace: The unchangeableness of God's goodness; with the Soul's use of all.
 2 PET. i. 4.

- 1 **O**F God's great goodness, now I'll sing;
 I will his mercy praise;
 For to extol JEHOVAH, King,
 A quiv'ring voice I'll raise.
- 2 I'll be thy God, thou say'st, O Lord,
 This promis'd is to me;
 What highest heaven can afford,
 I will vouchsafe on thee.
- 3 For this poor earth, thou need'st not care,
 Thou shalt inherit all:
 With Christ my Son; thou shalt be heir,
 In glore celestial.
- 4 O pause, my soul, and be amaz'd!
 At this transcendant grace;
 And for thy vileness be abas'd,
 And sure to make thy peace.

- 5 Oh! what am I, but sinful dust,
And shall I have such store
Of riches, that shall never rust,
In that eternal gloire?
- 6 Is't not enough, I'm not in hell,
Tormented in that fire;
For oft did I thy voice repel,
Provoking thee to ire.
- 7 And shall not only thou relieve
Me from the infernal lake,
But also, promisest to give
Good things for mercy's sake?
- 8 And shall I not have only crumbs,
Which from thy table fall;
But more than all the richest sums
Of gold and silver are?
- 9 And shall it not suffice to give,
What creatures can afford;
But thou wilt have me ever live,
Ev'n with thyself, O Lord?
- 10 Shall God then be my portion,
His wisdom to direct;
His goodness for compassion,
His power to protect:
- 11 His holiness to sanctify;
His all-sufficient store,
Me to provide with such supply?
Blest be my God therefore.

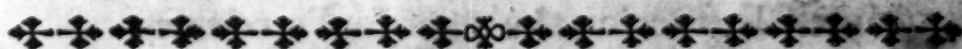
- 12 Shall his high habitation,
 Ev'n be my dwelling-place;
 And shall his creatures ev'ry one,
 Make way for my solace?
- 13 Shall God's brave angels me furround,
 And guard me from all ill?
 Oh! this great mercy hath no bound;
 Sing praises then I will.
- 14 O then, my soul! let all thy strength,
 And faculties each one;
 Be consecrate to God at length,
 For his salvation.
- 15 So zealous for the house of God,
 That nothing could restrain
 Christ, from the shedding of his blood,
 To ransom us again.
- 16 Our time and talents then bestow,
 His name to glorify;
 Who did to us his mercy show,
 O praise him chearfully.
- 17 But as this mercy's great and free,
 So doth it still endure;
 Most firm and sure, t'eternity;
 None shall our soul injure.
- 18 A woman may forgetful be,
 Of her own infants born;
 But though she should, yet will not God
 Us leave to be forlorn.

19 The mountains may removed be;
 The day and night may change;
 The hills be cast into the sea;
 But God's love will not change.

20 Yea, sure will he, most tenderly,
 His precious saints embrace;
 In spite of hell, they shall prevail,
 And see his glorious face.

21 I'm graven on his palms, therefore
 I'll not forgotten be;
 Though I were ev'n at death's dark vale,
 It shall not terrify.

22 His wrath may for a moment last,
 To chasten me for sin;
 Yet everlasting kindness I,
 His favour hopes to find.



H Y M N XV.

Christ's Expostulation with a straying Sinner, very descriptive of our Apostacy. Let the Sinner read this and be afraid, EZEK. xvi.

1 **W**HAT is the cause, poor soul, that dost stray
 From me thy Lord; and the way
 Was this thy oath, thou with me covenantest?
 Where's the vows, which thou so freely granted?

- 2 Am I not Lord of light, of life, and love?
Am I not he, so kind to thee didst prove?
Did I not know, by mine eye all-seeing?
I knew thy mould, ere thou hadst a being.
- 3 A wretched babe thou wast, in sin first born,
Under God's wrath and curse, and so forlorn:
Might'st thou not been made some ugly creature?
Yet I have given thee a comely feature.
- 4 I did myself of royal robes divest,
And cloth'd me with thy nature, for thy rest:
I scourged was, and crowned with the thorn;
The cross I bare for thee, and suffer'd scorn.
- 5 The gospel light, I give thee to direct;
A guard of angels, ready to protect:
My Sp'rit to warn, and be thy gracious guide,
Yet from my precepts thou hast ever stray'd.
- 6 I give thee food and raiment, health and peace;
Myself I gave for thy poor soul's release:
Yet to me unkind, thou still art proving,
And dost ill strive to requite my loving.
- 7 From Satan, sin, and hell I made thee free,
That thou might'st never condemnation see:
By sacrifice, and an atonement I,
Had divine justice full to satisfy.
- 8 I kept thee from the famine and the sword;
From pestilence, and did all good afford:
From sinful sin, and from flagitious crimes;
From Satan's snares, in these confused times.

- 9 That Satan might not fright thee, nor posses,
From madness, sudden death, and all distress;
From sickness sore, and sting of conscience fell,
I thee preserv'd from dropping into hell.
- 10 I did thee gently chasten with the rod,
That thou might'st mind thy duty to thy God:
But when the rod is off, with Pharaoh vain,
Thou wallow'd in the mire of sin again.
- 11 This was not all, I promis'd thee a crown;
Ev'n heaven's glory, riches, and renown,
If thou would'st serve me: yet thy fruit is small,
Thou strayest from me like the prodigal.
- 12 Where is thy faith? where is thy fervent love?
Where is thy zeal, and works, thy faith to prove?
Beware, lest thou Laodicea-like, me force
Thee to reject, with dolorous divorce.
- 13 If thou dost not repent, and soon return,
And for thy many sins, thou dost not mourn,
And answer not my mercies to thee shown,
I'll thee reject, and never more thee own.

H Y M N XVI.

*The Sinner's Reply, and humble Confession of his Sins;
with his Faith of Reliance, LUKE XV. 18.*

- 1 **W**HAT thund'ring voice is this I hear, who calls?
Is this the voice of Christ from heav'n that falls?
I sleeping was; pamp'red with all pleasure:
Now I see my sins above all measure.
- 2 Justly, O Lord! might'st thou from me depart;
Justly might'st thou my sinful soul desert;
For most ungrateful always was I proving,
Most unworthy of such matchless loving.
- 3 O what am I! thou should so kindly call,
And did not suffer in the pit to fall?
Since from my God I have so long departed,
No wonder I for sin, greatly had smarted.
- 4 Calls I did repel; thy word I slighted;
Thy Spirit quench'd, when thy rods have lighted:
I did not hear their voice; nor mercies priz'd;
But I have done what Satan hath devis'd.
- 5 My sins in number, they are like the sand,
By breaking of thy righteous command;
For gross, atrocious, and great offences,
I sinned have with the external senses.

- 6 My fins are many, yet no more than thou
Can freely pardon: O my God most true!
My sin is great, but thy mercy greater;
I run to thee, there is no Saviour better.
- 7 Thou past by angels, and has sent thy Son
In human nature, our poor souls to win;
Thou raisest up the soul that is dejected,
And never hast the weary soul rejected.
- 8 Thy promise is, to seek the soul that's lost;
And also, for to comfort all that's crost:
I've lost myself, O come sweet Lord me save;
O! do not leave me, for to thee I cleave.
- 9 With blinks of mercy, thou dost wretches view,
Thy glory is, in weakness strength to shew;
Thou mercy hast on those who have no merit
That heirs of wrath, may glory sure inherit.
- 10 When multitudes I saw in the broad way,
I took delight with them to go astray:
Most wickedly thy precepts I did trample;
Thy promise sweet, thy threats and saints example.
- 11 The many by-paths have my soul deceiv'd
And have me of my Saviour near bereav'd
Some not for peace, some not for piety;
Some not for truth, some like the Pharisee:
- 12 Some live so loose, as minding not a Judge;
No God, no hell, no heav'n, a soul to lodge:
Laodicean-like, they care not whether,
Religion sink or swim, all fools together.

- 13 Some loyal-like, and yet difown a king;
As if rebellion were no heinous thing:
Some place religion, in their own opinion;
Some debate about the best dominion:
- 14 Some seeming godly, yet they have no love;
No Christian works, their fruitful faith to prove:
Some loyal, and good reas'n, to great Cæsar;
But to serve God, have neither time nor leisure.
- 15 Some place religion, in most base reviling
The men of God; to their own soul's beguiling:
Some in Korah's arrogant rebelling;
And yet they fancy heav'n for their dwelling.
- 16 Sometimes I follow one, sometimes th' other;
Sometimes I jar, with father and with mother,
For trivial things; O poor distracted I!
And many things I do, I know not why.



H Y M N XVII.

*The Convert's Resolution, under a Conviction of Sin and
Vanity, to walk in newness of Life, COL. iii. 1.*

1 **L**ORD I perceive all these are sinful themes,
Impertinent and vicious extremes:
I'll now betake me, to the good old way
Of thy dear saints; and more I will not stray.

- 2 I now perceive, Satan hath many wiles,
And fly devices, which the soul beguiles:
And that he may bereave me of my right,
Sometimes an angel seems to be of light.
- 3 I know now, what the Lord of me desires,
Peace, truth, and justice; mercy he requires:
To be renewed, in the inner man,
And bring forth fruits with all the strength I can.
- 4 If to myself severe, to others mild;
Sweet, gentle, calm, and harmless as a child:
The fear of God, and loyal be to Cæsar;
To all men love: for this is his pleasure.
- 5 I purpose, Lord, to live no more in sin;
I strayed long, but now I will begin
To serve the Lord; with all my heart and strength,
That heaven's joy, I may enjoy at length.
- 6 Be gone then sin and Satan, worldly toys,
You stop my Christian course, you marr my joys:
Draw me, O Lord, and then I'll follow thee;
I'll sing thy praise unto eternity.

H Y M N XVIII.

A Word of Comfort, from the Lord himself, to the wounded and doubting Soul, Isa. xli. 10.

- 1 **T**HE spacious earth is all the Lord's;
And all that it contains;
Whate'er the universe affords,
And all that there remains.
- 2 I'll make all creatures serve thy turn,
For I'm their sov'reign Lord:
I'm Lord of Hosts, why shouldst thou mourn,
They all obey my word.
- 3 Life, honour, health, with ease and wealth;
Prosperity and peace,
Thou shalt enjoy, and ay endure;
Thou, and thy blessed race.
- 4 Here profit, pleasure, honours join'd;
What more can any crave?
From grace to glore, I'll thee conduct,
And never will thee leave.
- 5 Thy foes I'll trample all along,
Thy sins I'll do away;
Thy sorrows, I'll turn into song,
Pale fear shall fly away.

- 6 I'll make thee leap o'er hell and death,
 O'er sin and Satan fly:
 Still trust in God; while thou hast breath,
 Thou shalt have victory.



H Y M N XIX.

*The Christians Triumph and Rejoicing; and their holy
 Resolutions upon the Consideration of all these precious
 Promises, Rom. viii. 58.*

- 1 **S**O then with God is made my peace,
 With men and angels too;
 Each creature then shall me embrace,
 And all their service do.
- 2 Access I have to th' throne of grace,
 My prayer he doth hear;
 The smilings of his blessed face,
 Doth all my spirits cheer.
- 3 Assurance fills me so with joy,
 That I cannot express;
 I'm sure nothing can me annoy,
 No creature more or less.

- 4 My burges-bill, with heaven's quill,
Is so confirm'd to me;
From Satan, sin, I'll fear none ill,
Though they great tyrants be.
- 5 The moral law with threat and frown,
And with its rigid strain,
Brings me no condemnation,
No curse, no pinching pain.
- 6 And for the ceremonial rite,
It never hath me ty'd;
For Christ fulfilled all of it,
When on the cross he dy'd.
- 7 Indiff'rent things they do not bind,
If there no scandal be:
I may, or not, if that I find
No breach of charity.
- 8 Pale death, who is of terror's king,
Unto the reprobate:
Christ hath from him bereav'd the sting;
I shall him soon defeat.
- 9 Death's but to me a gate, therefore,
And passage unto rest;
An harbinger to heav'nly glore,
Which is of all the best.
- 10 So shall I in that heav'nly quire,
For ever blessed live;
Fulness of joy at his right hand,
For ever will he give.

11 My ways I'll mend, I'll blush t' offend,
Against such matchless love;
I'll suffer all, though he me call,
With martyrdom to prove.

12 For when this clay is past away,
And turned into dust,
To mansions high, he'll make me fly,
In him I'll ever trust.



H Y M N XX.

*The Paschal Lamb; or, a Song of Christ's love, proper
at the celebration of the Lord's supper, JOHN i. 29.*

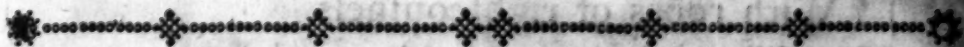
1 COME, let our hearts and tongues also,
Be rais'd with joyful cheers;
To sing a hymn of praise unto
The spotless Lamb most dear.

2 For thou a sacrifice was made;
Thou blessed Lamb was slain:
By which our ransom thou hast paid,
And losses didst regain.

3 Thy flesh, Lord, it was meat indeed;
For so the scripture saith:
That blood is drink, which thou didst
When we feed on't by faith.

- 4 Most royal food, life-giving food,
Lord, thou dost freely give:
'Tis life to those who once were dead;
They eat, and eating live.
- 5 Thou hast prepar'd a sov'reign feast,
To free our soul's from strife;
And thou dost welcome ev'ry guest,
With none but bread of life.
- 6 When men thy garments thee deny'd,
Then Lord, thou thought it good,
To open wide thy purple side,
And cloth thyself with blood.
- 7 And when thy wounds so fresh did bleed,
Life seemed then to die;
But it was pale-fac'd death indeed,
That truly died thereby.
- 8 A crown of thorns, in shameful ways,
Men on thy head did lay;
That we might crowned be with joys,
In thy heart-glad'ning day.
- 9 Thou spotless Lamb, unblemish'd waft,
Yet love made thee content;
Sinner to be, whereby thou hast
Made us all innocent.
- 10 In seeking us, thy life thou lost,
When thou didst come this way;
To save our lives, thy life it cost,
In our life-gaining day.

- 11 Thy precious, precious blood was it,
That ransomed each one;
Of thy poor pris'ners from the pit,
Where waters there is none.
- 12 O blessed, blessed be that day,
When Jesus Christ did come,
To seek his sheep that went astray,
And bring them to their home.
- 13 Lord, let the price which thou hast paid,
Be paid not o'er again;
Let not the price, which thou hast paid
For us, be paid in vain.
- 14 To God the Father be all praise,
Who gave the Lamb to die;
Not only now, in these our days,
But to eternity.



H Y M N XXI.

*Spiritual and Eternal Blessings to every true Believer
in Christ, EPH. i. 3.*

- 1 COME, and admire the crystal streams,
Of overflowing grace;
Admire! the radiant rays and beams,
Of this fair JESUS face.

2 He's ocean full, his treasure great,
Is inexhaustable;
The matchless mercies which I got,
Are inexpressable.

3 He'll freely pardon all my sins;
He will make up my peace:
My blessed Lord will favour win,
Through his abundant grace.

4 For honour he'll adopt me sure,
To be the great king's son:
Yea, kings, and priests, advanc'd shall be,
Believers ev'ry one.

5 I'll be a pillar in God's house;
A new name will he give;
And white stone for absolution,
That I may ever live.

With gold of grace, he'll me enrich,
With robes of righteousness
He will me cloth; and this excels
All silk and fatten dress.

7 The man of sin he'll mortify;
He'll wholly me renew:
With his good Sp'rit he'll sanctify;
With grace he'll me endue.

8 He'll take from me the stony heart,
A new heart will he give;
So from his laws, I'll not depart,
And ever blessed live.

- 9 My judgment he will so renew,
That it shall then discern;
Whate'er he in his word doth shew,
I will delight to learn.
- 10 My will shall to the best incline;
My conscience shall be pure:
Nothing but objects all divine,
My soul shall then endure.
- 11 I'll serve God with a filial fear;
I'll love God and his way:
His saints to me, shall be most dear,
Who do his words obey.
- 12 I'll mourn for sin, I'll hate the same,
I shall rejoice to see,
All men extolling God's great name,
With zeal and fervency.
- 13 I will rejoice to find my Lord,
For me great portion:
My hope, I'll fix upon his word,
Which brings salvation.
- 14 I'll blush t' offend my heav'nly King,
My angers turn'd to zeal;
I shall oppose each sinful thing,
When grace it shall prevail.
- 15 Faith, hope, and charity will he,
Into my heart infuse:
With righteousness and piety,
So his way will I chuse.

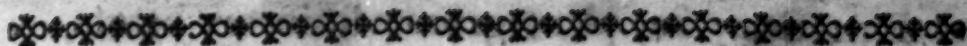
16 The rubies are but rubies naught,
 The sapphires not so fine,
 As is the faint, from heaven taught,
 Adorn'd with grace divine.

17 If I be blind and cannot see,
 His eye-salve shall me cure:
 If I be deaf, he'll open ears,
 His word and Sp'rit to hear.

18 If I be lame, he'll make me go,
 Into the ways of God;
 His supplying oil, keeps me from toil,
 And makes me walk abroad.

19 If I be dumb, Christ will untie
 My tongue, that praises sing,
 I may, even to eternity,
 Unto Jehovah King.

20 Both milk and wine he will afford,
 And manna for my food:
 With crystal streams he'll me refresh;
 I'll want nothing that's good.



H Y M N XXII.

*The Saint's short but sincere Prayer, under a burden
of Sin, P S A L. lxxi. 1, 2.*

- 1 **L** ORD, let my sins into my breast with me,
Have no concordance, let it not agree
Within my bosom; lest thou in thine ire,
Cast soul and body, sin, and all in fire.
- 2 Or rather, Lord, because a sinful creature,
Is odious to thy glorious nature:
So while it doth remain within my mind,
Draw near, lest any sin do me incline.
- 3 Infuse thy Spirit, Lord, redeem my soul,
From Egypt's bondage, for to serve thee still:
But let my bosom entertain no thing,
That smell of Pharaoh, or the serpent's sting.
- 4 And when out of it, let thy Sp'rit me bless,
Guide through the desert and the wilderness:
Divide my sins, like Jordan in the way,
Erect in heaps, while I am passing by.
- 5 And then within me let me still erect,
Memorial statutes, that thou may'st protect
Me from these floods, which may my soul devour:
Thus let me praise thee, and thy love implore.

- 6 Delay not, Lord; come in, and take my part;
 Extract my sin, plant grace within my heart:
 Lord shew thy glory, save a wretch who hath
 His only comfort in a Saviour's death.



H Y M N XXIII.

A Cordial for a fainting Soul, affording Encouragement to draw near unto God, and to advance on the sceptre of Mercy; from the consideration of the fullness and freeness of God's bounty and clemency, and from absolute and conditional promises, such as poor Sinners through Christ can lay hold on, HEB. ii. 13.

BUT now I find my soul revive,
 I find some cordial
 Chearing my sp'rit, that I may live;
 Allaying bitter gall.

- 2 Glad tidings I begin to hear,
 Zion doth mercy sing:
 Sweet Jesus can me draw full near,
 Unto Jehovah King.
- 3 Thou God most gracious, wise and strong,
 Thou King of heav'n most high;
 Therefore I'll wait, and not think long,
 Till thou send some supply.

- 4 A suppliant thrown at thy feet,
Thy mercy to implore:
I'll beg and knock, till alms I get,
I'll wait at heaven's door.
- 5 Necessity makes me to wait,
I cannot find but here:
I will with humble sp'rit and meek,
Unto my God draw near.
- 6 When I begin for to recount,
Thy mercies manifold;
In number they do far surmount,
What pen or tongues have told.
- 7 They're high, they're deep, they're long, and
They reach the starry frame; [broad,
They're over all thy works, O God,
To magnify thy name:
- 8 The freeness of thy goodness great,
Makes me for to conceive;
That such a wretch may mercy get,
And this I humbly crave.
- 9 It is thy glory to extend
Thy mercy, where there is
No merit; then thy mercy send,
And let me have the blifs.
- 10 I'm sick of sin, both blind and lame;
A poor, and wretched slave;
An object fit for mercy am,
O let me mercy have.

- 11 Thy treasure is so full of grace,
Nothing can it impare;
Thou even givest, and hast no less,
Lord let me have a share.
- 12 Thou sent a Mediator good,
When man did not require;
Ev'n this Messias, for he came,
When none could give an hire.
- 13 Since thou hast sent, and he is come,
Of mere free love and grace;
O! do bestow on me a crumb,
Of mercy for solace.
- 14 Thou sent unto the Gentiles light,
When they by sin most vile,
Had lost all interest, and right,
And under sad exile.
- 15 Thou madst the barren woman bear,
More than the married wife:
Thou gav'st the olive wild a share
In promises of life.
- 16 Lord, I am one of Japhet's race,
O! do not me exclude:
Give me a drop of saving grace,
Through Jesus' precious blood.
- 17 Thou promisest the stony heart
To mollify; and then
To write thy law in inward parts,
Of worthless wretched men:

18 I find this promise absolute,
To those who have no grace;
Thou'rt found of those who sought thee not,
O peerless Prince of peace.

19 If these be free, why shall I then,
Myself from thence exclude?
When God excludes no mortal man,
From Christ's most precious blood.

20 Thy ocean fulness can supply,
All that do stand in need;
They're precious, for they purchas'd be,
For Adam's sinful seed.

21 The freeness of thy promises
Breeds hope; their fulness suits
All my defects; their preciousness,
With all my wants it meets.

22 Thy sovereign supremacy,
Makes me thee wait upon;
As well becomes a wretch to ly
At thy footstool and moan.

23 Thou say'st, thou'lt with thy people dwell,
And give thyself to them;
Thou'lt be their God, and then they shall
Thy glorious works proclaim.

24 Lord! what am I, but dust and clay?
And wilt thou condescend,
With me to dwell? O happy day!
Come then, thy mercy send.

H Y M N XXIV.

The Communicant's Meditation on Christ's death and sufferings, more especially at the Lord's Supper.

PSAL. xcv. i.

- 1 **O** Come let us unloose our tongue,
With joy our hearts let raise,
Singing a new and pleasant song
To the Lamb, and to his praise.
- 2 Who was pour'd out, as ointment pure,
And emptied us to fill;
Yet he is full, and doth endure,
A living fountain still.
- 3 **O** let us give ourselves to thee,
To thee Lord let us live;
And love the Lord, love made thee free.
Thyself for us to give.
- 4 They spat, they mockt, they smote, they whipt,
Our Lord and Saviour dear;
And when uncloth'd, his body ript,
With soldier's bloody spear:

- 5 Whence came a stream of precious blood,
To expiate our sin;
All bathing in that purple flood,
Are throughly purg'd therein.
- 6 Lord, when thou didst come to thy end,
And was at point to die;
Then like our dear and loving friend,
Left us this legacy.
- 7 Most royal food, life giving bread,
Which thou dost freely give:
'Tis life to those who once were dead,
They eat, and eating live.
- 8 And lest we should prove too supine,
Our dear Redeemer bid
Us eat this bread, and drink this wine,
And do as himself did.
- 9 The children's bread, the bridegroom's wine,
Prepar'd a royal feast:
Not to be cast to dogs or swine,
But for the harmless guest.
- 10 Lord, let the thoughts of bitter gall,
Be ever with us still,
In thankful mind; and so they shall,
Our sins destroy and kill.
- 11 Let not sin live, for which thou died,
In torment great and fore:
Let it with thee be crucified,
And reign in us no more.

- 12 Make speed, dear Lord, hasten the times,
 To bring us to that place;
 Where we shall feed no more on signs,
 But feed on thy dear face.



H Y M N XXV.

*The Holy Triplicity: or, a description of Christ's three
 Offices, to answer our threefold Miseries by the Fall.*
 JOHN V. 7.

- T**HREE persons there are in essence divine;
 Angelic order, thrice three, that is nine:
 Twice three the creation days did compleat,
 God did all finish, he found to be meet.
- 2 Christ our Redeemer, by offices three,
 Purchas'd salvation, to ev'ry degree:
 He's King, and a Priest, a Prophet divine;
 He brings the elect in glory to shine.
- 3 Our woful defects, they call for the three,
 We're blind, and know not how saved to be;
 Estranged from God, and children of wrath,
 Unable to purchase freedom from death.
- 4 All these our defects, they call for supply,
 Which Jesus my Lord, vouchsafes unto me:
 I'm blind, and cannot the way well descry,
 Christ is that prophet, to teach me the way.

- 5 Sin makes a distance 'twixt me and my God,
For in his true paths I have not abode:
His stroke is ready to kill and destroy,
To damp all comforts, my peace and my joy.
- 6 As man, he's the sacrifice, debt to pay,
For all our trespasses on him we lay:
Altar, to sanctify the sacrifice;
God, to enrich it, and give it a price.
- 7 His kingdom enters, with sceptre and sword,
His elect he conquers, by Sp'rit and word:
By his holy laws he governs them all;
His pow'r protects them, whate'er can befall.
- 8 Th' order of saving, Christ's offices clears,
First, he explains it, and then he enquires;
And after applies, what purchase he wan,
So comes much comfort to comfortless man.



H Y M N XXVI.

The Vanity of all Sublunary Enjoyments.

I JOHN ii. 15.

1 **W**HY do we seek felicity,
Where 'tis not to be found?
And not dear Lord, look up to thee,
Where all delights abound.

- 2 Why do we seek for treasure here,
On this dry barren sand?
Where nought but empty shells appear,
And marks of shipwreck stand.
- 3 O world! how little do thy joys,
Concern a soul that knows
Itself; not made for such low toys,
As thy poor hand bestows.
- 4 How cross art thou to that design,
For which we had our birth?
Us, who are made in heav'n to shine,
Thou bow'd us to the earth:
- 5 Nay into hell; for thither sink,
All that to thee submit:
Thou plants some flow'rs upon the brink,
To drown us in the pit.
- 6 World, take away thy tinsel wares,
That dazzle here our eyes;
That we may look above the stars,
Where all our treasure lies.
- 7 The way we know, our dearest Lord,
Himself is gone before;
And has engag'd his faithful word,
To open us the door.
- 8 But, O my God, reach down thine hand,
And take us up to thee;
That we about thy throne may stand,
And all thy glory see.

C H A P. XXVII.

The Devout Soul's breathing after Christ, and earnestly seeking Communion with Him, and likeness to his Image, EZEK. xi. 19.

- 1 **G**REAT God! with thy divine breath inspire,
Touch my heart and lips with thy holy fire;
And with those sparks, kindle the beholder,
Let my soul act, what the Sp'rit hath told her.
- 2 Inflame my heart with knowledge, zeal, and fear;
That when my judgment fails I may admire:
Be present with me, Lord, and surely then,
I'll fear the censure of no mortal man.
- 3 Heav'n's mighty King, rouse up my sp'rit higher,
Then my poor flesh expects, by winged prayer:
Flee to God, my soul, let the elivation,
Of thy poor self be humiliation.
- 4 Enlighten my mind, and open mine eyes;
That I may see a ram to sacrifice:
Let me not kill my soul with invention,
But flee to my God with good intention.

- 5 Lord, if this thought begin into mine heart,
Then shew thy glory, let it not depart,
To kill my sins: Lord, gird thou me with strength.
That I may be victorious at length.
- 6 Let me with patience stand to see thy glore;
Let groaning be my heart's ambassador:
And with a pardon in my hand may sing; [sing?
Grave, where's triumph? death, where is now thy
- 7 When thou sends conscience, for to check my sin,
Then, Lord, with-hold a vile depraved heart,
For to depress my conscience me within;
Left with its custom I grow too expert.
- 8 Lord give me strength to overcome; look down
And give unto the conqueror a crown:
At this I will aspire, thy truth implore,
And deprecate thine ire for evermore.
- 9 With ignorance I'm blind, and in a mist,
Lord in thy mercy, let my soul be blest:
Grant this request, for this I do desire,
Guide with a cloud by day, in night by fire.
- 10 If 'gainst the Lord, in ignorance I sin,
Then let me come before thee, and begin,
With broken spirit to shew forth my wo,
Repenting it; and I'll be cleansed so.
- 11 Admire the Lord! for he's so excellent,
He saves all finners, when they do repent:
His mercy doth transcend his justice; so,
The Lord delights not in a finner's wo.

- 12 Unload my soul, O Lord, of sin, and I
Will no more run into iniquity:
Prostrate my soul before thee, let it bring
A contrite spirit for an offering.
- 13 Lord, when I enter in thy house of feasts,
Let me not turn thy scriptures into jests:
Teach me, that holy reverence I owe,
It's done in faith, not fancy, make me know.
- 14 Let not an outward shew, incline me there;
Teach me thy fear, and what thy precepts are:
Lord, we believe, if thou wilt but command,
Our sins shall fly, though number like the sand.



H Y M N XXVIII.

FAITH *in Triumph*, ISAIAH lvii. 15.

- 1 **M**Y heart thy house, Lord, do prepare
For thee that glorious guest;
But I have no delicious fare,
For such a royal feast.
- 2 Bestow on me, thy Sp'rit, and he
Will give, what may thee please:
Then welcome, welcome shalt thou be,
My soul will give thee praise.

- 3 O give then that good sp'rit of grace,
In thy ways to conduct:
He to my conscienc will give peace,
And plainly me instruct.
- 4 In Christ the vine, he will me graff,
And wholly me renew;
All fears and tears, he will wipe off,
And be my seal most true.
- 5 In midst of ev'ry stormy blast
Of sad vexation;
Assures me of my interest,
In thy salvation.
- 6 Against the fiery serpent's sting,
Of strong temptation:
Christ me defends, so that I'll sing
With consolation.
- 7 He'll give me heav'n, if that I call
In truth and verity;
Who will to me prove all in all,
And cure my misery.
- 8 So shall the blessed Trinity,
Take me to be their own;
Henceforth, no sin nor misery,
Shall my poor soul cast down.
- 9 He'll wisdom be to give me light,
He's right'ousness to clear;
Let divine justice do me fright,
Christ paid a ransom dear.

- 10 He is sanctification;
 Me wholly to renew:
 He'll work my full redemption;
 For he's a Saviour true.
- 11 Into that gulph prepar'd of old,
 I'm ready for to fall;
 But of these twigs, I take some hold,
 And yet for mercy call.
- 12 Jesus, that sweet Samaritan,
 That cures a wounded soul;
 Thou never didst reject that man,
 On thee his cares did roll.
- 13 The weary laden thou dost call,
 That they may come to thee;
 Thou'lt ease them of their burdens all,
 And cure their misery.
- 14 Thou promis'dst life to them who hear,
 The hungry soul to fill;
 The fainting soul, with wine to chear,
 Of consolation still.
- 15 They're fav'd who call upon thy name,
 Who knock at mercy's gate:
 They who believe, meet with the same,
 And who their sins do hate.
- 16 Who in thy precepts way do go,
 By them their life do square;
 Thou wilt to them salvation show,
 They ever blessed are.

17 I hear, I pray, I do believe;
Lord help my unbelief;
O do my sinful soul relieve,
From all my pain and grief.

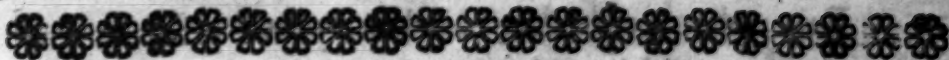
18 I'm sorry for my sinful falls,
Thy voice I will obey;
I'll answer, when on me thou calls,
Alas! too long I stray.

19 'Tis by thy grace, that I intend
To turn to thee again;
'Tis thy free grace, Jesus amend,
My conversation vain.

20 The will, the work, is all of thee,
My sp'ritual thoughts each one;
Then crown this work begun in me,
And send salvation.

21 And now I see the day appear,
The morning-star arise;
The Sun of right'ousness draw near,
Fair Jesus from the skies.

22 O shine upon my guilty soul,
With warming beams of light;
On thee my burden I do roll,
O glorious King of light.



H Y M N XXIX.

A Morning Hymn, P S A L M xcii. 1, 2.

- 1 **C**OME, let's adore the gracious hand,
That brought us to this light;
That gave his angels strict command,
To be our guard this night.
- 2 When we laid down our weary head,
When sleep seal'd up our eye;
They stood, and watch'd about our bed,
And let no harm come nigh.
- 3 Now we are up, they still go on,
And guide us through the day;
They never leave their charge undone,
Whate'er besets our way.
- 4 And, O my soul, how many snares,
Lye spread before our feet?
In all our joys, in all our cares,
Some danger still we meet.
- 5 Sometimes the sin does us o'ertake,
And on our weakness win;
Sometimes ourselves our ruin make,
And we o'ertake the sin.

- 6 Lord, we again lift up our eyes,
And leave our sluggish beds;
But why we wake, and why we rise,
Come seldom in our heads.
- 7 Is it to sweat, and toil for wealth,
Or sport our time away,
That thou preserv'st us still in health,
And giv'st us this new day?
- 8 No, no, unskilful soul! not so;
Be not deceiv'd with toys:
Thy Lord's commands more wisely go,
And aim at higher joys.
- 9 They bid us wake to seek new grace,
And some fresh virtue gain;
They call us up to mend our pace,
Till we the prize attain:
- 10 That glorious prize, for which all run,
Who wisely spend their breath;
Who, when this weary life is done,
Are sure of rest at death.
- 11 Not such a rest, as here we prove,
Disturb'd with cares and fears;
But endless joy, and peace, and love,
Unmix'd with grief or tears.
- 12 O save us, Lord, from all those darts,
That seek our souls to slay;
Save us from self, and our false hearts,
Lest we ourselves betray.

13 Save us, O Lord, to thee we cry;
 From whence all blessings spring:
 We on thy grace alone rely,
 Us to thy glory bring.

14 Glory to thee, O bounteous Lord!
 Who gav'st to all things breath;
 Glory to thee, eternal Word!
 Who sav'st us by thy death.

15 Glory, O blessed Sp'rit, to thee,
 Who fill'st our hearts with love;
 Glory to all the mystic three;
 Who reigns one God above.



H Y M N XXX.

*Christ's surpassing Love to Sinners; or, the Celebration
 of the Lord's Supper, JOHN XV. 13.*

1 **C**OME raise our hearts, our Saviour dear,
 All earthly things above;
 That we may sing with joyful chear,
 A song of thy great love.

2 'Twas love that made thee drink that cup;
 Which thy dear Father hath
 Put in thy hand; and fill'd it up,
 With sin-deserving wrath.

- 3 'Twas love, that made thee thus bereav'd,
Of all thy glory quite;
Instead whereof, thou hast receiv'd
Contempt, shame, and despite.
- 4 'Twas love, sweet Jesus, made thee weep,
That we might joyful be;
Thy roſial cheeks, in tears didſt ſteep,
From tears to ſet us free.
- 5 Love, put thee in ſore agony,
Producing bloody ſweat;
And on the tree, to call and cry,
Enduring torments great.
- 6 Love made thee, under guilt to bow,
With malefactors die;
That real malefactors thou,
Might quit and juſtify.
- 7 Such love, dear Lord, thou didſt indeed,
To ſinful wretches bear,
That all thy precious blood did bleed,
And heart in ſunder tear.
- 8 Hail, holy tide, wherein a bride;
A virgin, which is more,
Brought forth a Son, the like was done
Ne'er in the world before.
- 9 Hail, ſpotleſs maid, who thee upbraids
To have been born in ſin;
Do little weigh, what in thee lay,
Before thou didſt ly in.

10 Nine months thy womb, was made the doom
Of him, whom earth nor air,
Nor the vast mould of heav'n can hold,
'Cause he is Ubiquitair,

11 O Jesus deign, to rest and reign
In centre of my heart;
And make it still, thy domicil,
And residence in part.



H Y M N XXXI.

*The true Believer's Victory over all Enemies; on the
consideration of Christ's all-sufficiency, and expecta-
tion of that perfect Redemption and Glory purchased
by him, P s a l. xlv. 2, 3, 4.*

1 **I** Will inferior comforts forsake,
My choice above all, great JESUS, I'll make:
Tho' Satan should fret, and fortune should frown,
I do not value, when Christ is my own.

2 And though all the world against me conspire,
Though all the elements, water, and fire;
The earth, and the air, and whatever more,
Tho' men should massacre, and lions should rore.

- 3 Christ's love is transcendant his pow'r is great,
Admitting no crosses, trial, nor lett;
Faithful in promise, and alters no words,
What wisdom contriveth, his pow'r affords.
- 4 Pale death, with his terrors, cannot affright;
Nor yet the red dragon, with pow'r and might:
Sin is their advantage, guilt is their sting;
But that is remov'd by Jesus our King. —
- 5 When death me dissolveth, glad news I hear;
Friends they forsake me, but angels draw near:
Transporting my soul to mansions above;
All things below this, but vanities prove.
- 6 And when the great day of judgment appears,
Which brings the guilty and godless their fears;
I'll be at his right hand, with joy of heart,
When sinners receive, eternal depart.
- 7 Bright stars bespangle the heaven as gems,
Which God doth number and call by their names;
This is but a pavement to paradise,
Where Christ resideth, that pearl of price.
- 8 With Abram and Isaac, I'll then sit down,
My cross I'll exchange for a glorious crown:
No hunger, no thirst, no sickness appears,
For Christ from mine eyes hath wiped all tears.
- 9 My joy is so full, I seek not for more;
Of riches and honours, I've so great store:
Nor can I be rob'd, no change do I fear;
My gold it rusts not, nor garments do wear.

10 My exercise is, to adore and sing
 Sweet songs of high praise to Jesus my King:
 The more I do praise, more reason I find,
 This finite vessel cannot comprehend.

11 On my Redeemer, I'll sweetly rely,
 With comfort rejoicing till that I die:
 Disclaiming, denying, the world and all,
 I'll give no repulse, when Christ gives a call.



H Y M N XXXII.

*The great advantage of Afflictions and Tribulations;
 either to preserve God's people from them, to support
 under them, to sanctify them, and deliver out of
 them, HEB. xii. 7, 8.*

1 **W**ITH rods of men I'll thee correct;
 But yet my special love,
 I'll never fully from thee take;
 But gracious will prove.

2 Yet altogether will not I,
 Permit thee for to want
 A chast'ning rod, lest thou deny
 Thy God and covenant.

- 3 Thou know'st this is the way I took,
With all my servants dear;
As in the sacred scripture book,
Thou may'st both read and hear.
- 4 Thou heard that Abel, Moses, Lot,
David, and Daniel,
Did meet with persecutions hot;
But now they with me dwell.
- 5 No saint so pure, that wants all sin;
And sin I always hate:
Then I must purge him from the sin,
And make him lothe the bait.
- 6 One Son I have that never finn'd,
Yet he did bear the cross;
How think'st thou then to be exeem'd,
That's full of sinful dross?
- 7 I'll either keep thee from the pain,
Or strengthen thee to bear;
Affliction shall not prove thy bane,
The curse thou need'st not fear.
- 8 I'll sanctify to thee the rod,
A blessing it shall prove;
That thou may'st learn to fear thy God,
And never from him move.
- 9 One antidote it is for sin,
A corrosive to cure;
A purging potion is therein,
To make thee clean and pure.

10 I'll wean thee from the world thereby,
 That clearly thou may'st see,
 There is no happiness but I,
 And heav'n's felicity.

11 Affliction's fire must thee refine,
 And try thy Christian grace:
 Therefore, see thou do not repine,
 If thou wouldst see my face.

12 Affliction makes thee mind thy God;
 Before, thou went astray:
 O come thou then and kiss the rod,
 That leads in heaven's way.

13 This keeps thee from the fire of hell;
 This quickens all thy grace;
 This makes thee sympathize with all,
 Who want their soul solace.

14 This puts thee forth to read and pray,
 And watch against thy sin;
 This keeps thee from a dreadful day,
 That favour thou may'st find.

15 This makes thee mercy more to prize,
 And then with thankful voice;
 Thou'lt praises to thy God devise,
 With a melodious voice.

16 And ev'n in midst of all thy tears,
 I will thee recreate
 With cordials; so that thy cares
 Shall quickly be delete.

- 17 When all this work is done, then sure
My rod I will remove;
For now performed is the cure,
In mercy much and love.
- 18 The event always shall prove good,
The crown is by the cross;
Thou shalt at last find, that indeed
Thou didst sustain no loss.
- 19 God out of darkness can bring light;
From bitter can bring sweet:
Confusions all, I order right,
And do that which is meet.
- 20 The chymist doth of stones extract,
Liquors medicinal;
The sharpest crosses I will make,
Ev'n for thy good befall.
- 21 My wisdom, pow'r, and goodness great,
My truth and justice pure:
By this, I always glory get,
Therefore thou must endure.
- 22 Cast thou thy burden on the Lord,
And he will thee sustain;
O! praise him all with one accord,
His grace doth still remain.



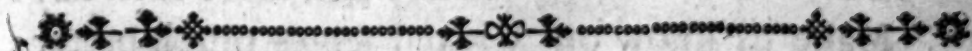
H Y M N XXXIII.

*A Soul-refreshing Hymn, concerning the Celebration of
the Lord's Supper, 1 P E T. i. 18, 19.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord it was, that did us save,
To him then let us sing;
He brought our soul up from the grave,
With no corrupted thing.
- 2 But, O my God! the precious blood,
Which Jesus Christ did shed
Upon the cross; that crimson flood,
His heart did freely bleed.
- 3 A fountain pure, Lord, for our sins,
Doth open to us ly:
We through thy grace are wash'd therein,
And cleansed perfectly.
- 4 A right'ous garment pure and white,
Thou hast upon us put;
And all our sins out of thy sight,
For evermore hast shut.
- 5 Of thy choice food, Lord, we do eat,
And drink abundantly:
From heav'n thou sent us thy dear Son,
Our souls to satisfy.

- 6 All praise we give to Jesus Christ,
Who is our Saviour dear;
For though thou wast Son of the Highest,
Yet didst in flesh appear.
- 7 Both low and base in man's esteem,
A sacrifice to be:
From sin and death, us to redeem;
From hell to set us free.
- 8 Thy love, dear Lord, it did exceed:
For our sake thou wast slain;
And on the cross, thy heart did bleed,
To wash away sin's stain.
- 9 By that great price which thou didst pay,
We are redeem'd to be,
Both kings, and priests, and in thy day,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 10 Thou conquer'd hast and overcome,
Our soul's fierce enemies;
They are destroy'd, and there is none,
That can against us rise.
- 11 Lord, thou art our victorious King,
From hell has set us free;
From its inflaming pois'nous sting,
Set free we are by thee.
- 12 Whereby our outward troubles cease,
For we in thee are blest;
And now our souls in perfect peace,
Shall lay them down to rest.

- 13 To thee alone, Lord, we give praise,
And to the Lamb therefore;
To whom be glory all our days,
And thence for evermore.

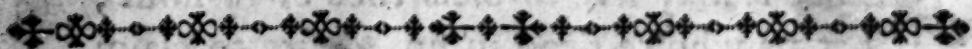


H Y M N XXXIV.

On the LORD'S Prayer, MATTH. vi. 9.

- 1 **F**ATHER in heav'n, adopt us; let the show'rs
Of grace fall on us; let us call thee ours:
Give not the wrath we merit, help rather
To be adopted to God our Father.
- 2 Revive my dark'ned spirit by thy pow'r,
That it may live to bless thee ev'ry hour;
Let us who're dead in sin, desire to claim
An int'rest in thy ever hallow'd name.
- 3 O make my soul pant for the living God;
Lord make me long to see thy blest abode:
Rouse up my lifeless thoughts; O quicken some
To cry by faith, Lord let thy kingdom come.
- 4 Thy will be done, O Lord, whate'er it be;
For Lord thou canst not will amiss to me:
A sinner, Lord, I am, let grace be giv'n;
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heav'n.

- 5 In thee we live and move, therefore, seeing
From thee we have all our breath and being;
With food convenient, thou dost us feed,
Give us, O God, this day, our daily bread.
- 6 Sweet Jesus, Lord, we know not how to pray,
Our wicked hearts sin more and more each day:
Make us know our wicked selves much better;
Forgive our debts, as we forgive our debtor.
- 7 Deliver us from ill, O Lord, for we,
By vain inventions, and infirmity,
Are apt to slip: give us resolution
Of twice-born sons, keep us from temptation.
- 8 Thine is the kingdom, and thine is the pow'r;
Thine is the glory, now and ev'ry hour:
Lord, when we fall, we cannot rise again;
Grant, Lord, our wills may say to thine, Amen.



H Y M N XXXV.

*An Evening Hymn: or, Sleep the lively Emblem of
Death, PSAL. iv. 8.*

- 1 **B**LESSED, O LORD, be thy wise grace,
That governs all our day;
And to the night assigns its place,
To rest us in our way.

2 If work the lab'ring hands impair,
Or thoughts the studious mind;
Both are consider'd by thy care,
Both fit refreshment find.

3 Fit to relieve their present state,
Fit to prepare the next;
While we are taught to meditate,
This plain and useful text.

4 As ev'ry night lays down our head,
And morn opens our eyes;
So shall the dust be once our bed,
And so we hope to rise.

5 To rise and see thy beaut'ous light,
Spring from those eyes of thine;
Not to be check'd by any night,
But clear for ever shine.

6 All glory to the sacred three,
One ever living Lord;
As at the first, still may he be
Belov'd, obey'd, ador'd.



H Y M N XXXVI.

JESUS the *Admiration of Saints and Angels.*

MATTH. i. 20, 21.

- 1 JESUS, who from thy Father's throne,
To this low vale of tears came down;
O may the charms of that sweet love,
Draw up our souls to thee above.
- 2 Jesus, all graces thee adorn;
Who wast with joy conceiv'd and born:
O may we breed, and bring thee forth,
A holy joy, and humble mirth.
- 3 Jesus, whose high and humble birth,
The heav'nly angels sang on earth;
O may our hymns which here run low,
Spring up above, and fruitful grow.
- 4 Jesus, behold wise men from far,
Led to thy cradle by a star;
O guide us by thy light, that we
May find the right way unto thee.
- 5 Jesus, the pure and spotless Lamb;
Who to the temple humbly came:
O make our proud and stubborn will,
Thine and the churches laws fulfil.

- 6 Jesus, who took'st that heav'nly name,
Thy blessed purpose to proclaim;
O may we bow our heart and knee,
To none in heav'n, nor earth but thee.
- 7 Jesus, how soon didst thou begin,
To bleed and suffer for our sin?
O that thy grace may make us good,
Our souls refresh with heav'nly food.
- 8 Jesus, who on that fatal wood;
Pour'd forth thy life's last drop of blood;
O may we bless thy love, and be
Ready, dear Lord, to die for thee.
- 9 Jesus, who by thine own love slain,
By thy own pow'r, took'st life again;
O may thy death, our sp'rits revive,
And at our death a new life give.
- 10 Jesus, whose grace inspires thy priests,
To keep alive thy solemn feasts:
O may we here so pass our days,
That thou at last our souls may raise.
- 11 Jesus, who to thy heav'n again,
Return'd in triumph, there to reign:
O may our parting souls take flight,
Up to that land of joy and light.
- 12 Jesus, who thus began our bliss,
Thus carried on our happiness;
O may thy blessed name shine bright,
Crown'd with those beams of glorious light.

- 13 Now glory to the sacred three,
 The undivided Trinity:
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 This is my faith, in which I boast.



H Y M N XXXVII.

A precious Fountain opened in Christ's blood, for lost Sinners.

- 1 **W**ITH hearts of joy lets lift our voice,
 Unto our God and King;
 Who did us save, from death's deep grave,
 With no corrupted thing.
- 2 But with the flood of precious blood,
 Which Jesus Christ did shed
 Upon the cross; his heart for us
 In love did freely bleed.
- 3 A fountain pure, right good and cheap,
 Doth open to us ly;
 And we therein when wash'd by Christ,
 We'll cleansed be thereby.
- 4 Of thy choice meat, Lord we do eat,
 And drink abundantly;
 With angel's bread, thou hast us fed,
 Our souls to satisfy.

- 5 To hide our sin, we're clothed in
 Christ's right'ousness, so pure
 For ev'ry one that wants it on,
 His soul cannot endure.
- 6 All praise to Christ, Son of the Highest;
 Our Lord and Saviour dear:
 Thou wast alone the Father's Son.
 Yet didst in flesh appear.
- 7 Both low and base, in much disgrace,
 A sacrifice to be,
 From sin, and death, and hell beneath,
 To quit and set us free.
- 8 Thy love was much, there is none such;
 For love's sake thou wast slain;
 For our soul's good, thou shed thy blood,
 To wash away sin's stain.
- 9 By which purchase, we that were base,
 Are now redeem'd to be,
 Both kings and priests, two glorious things,
 And we shall reign with thee.
- 10 Thou conquer'd hast, both first and last,
 Our soul's fierce enemies:
 They're crush'd and gone, and there is none,
 That can against us rise.
- 11 No sin, nor death, can long draw breath;
 From both we are set free;
 Their pois'nous sting, victorious King,
 Is pluckt away by thee.

- 12 No inward fears, no more appears,
 For in thee we are blest;
 Our troubles cease, and now in peace,
 Our souls ly down to rest.
- 13 To him alone, that's on the throne,
 And Christ the Lamb, therefore,
 Be glorious praise, both in our days,
 And thence for evermore.

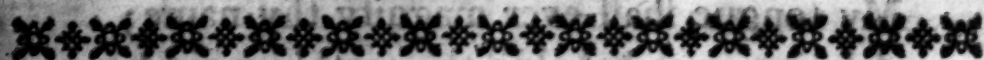


H Y M N XXXVIII.

*The true Believer's duty, after having communicated at
 the Lord's table.*

- 1 **H**OW shall I thanks requite for such a grace?
 Can what is infinite, with grains increase?
 My goodness not to thee; for why? I see,
 Thou hast no less; yet art still giving me.
- 2 Yet thou'rt pleas'd, King of kings, to condescend,
 Poor unworthy sinners, thy favours lend:
 Lost angels passing by, but chusing I,
 To thee will I sing; my Father I'll cry.
- 3 Lord, give what thou requires, it shall be thine;
 I'll do what thou desires, and not decline,
 Myself I'll consecrate without a date;
 Then I'll in glory shine at heaven's gate.

- 4 My heart I'll give to thee, thou lovest the same;
My tongue shall ever magnify thy name;
Adoring eyes behold, the earthly mould
In stately frame; the shining stars as gold.
- 5 I give my ears to hear thy sacred word;
All trivial toys despise that men afford:
I'll give my heart to do, thy word most true,
For Lord, I'm bound by my baptismal vow.
- 6 I'll to thy precepts all have great respect;
And by thy grace, ne'er shall thy laws neglect:
No duty tedious call, no sin think small;
O Lord direct, and answer at a call.
- 7 God of my choice shall be, the object chief;
I'll hear my neighbour's voice, and give relief:
I'll act for his behove, and will him love,
My bowels for him move, that's Christian love.
- 8 I will myself apply, thy name to know,
Myself I will deny, and earth below:
I will have high esteem, Lord of thy name,
I'll not approve my sin, but will think shame.
- 9 In God I will delight, in him rejoice,
Call on him day and night, with weeping voice;
With joyful noise, I'll burn with fervent zeal,
Sweet psalms I'll sing to his praise, I'll not fail.
- 10 When he bestows on me his precious things,
I'll make my praises fly on soaring wings;
And if his chast'ning rod do make abode,
As David sings, I'll see the hand of God.



H Y M N XXXIX.

The Gospel's glad tidings to Sinners,

JAMES V. 13.

- 1 **W**AKE now my soul, and humbly hear,
What thy mild Lord commands;
Each word of his will charm thine ear,
Each word will guide thy hands.
- 2 Hark! how his sweat and tender care,
Complies with our weak minds;
Whate'er our state and tempers are,
Still some fit work he finds.
- 3 They that are merry, let them sing,
And let the sad hearts pray;
Let those still ply their chearful wing,
And these their sober day.
- 4 So mounts the early chirping lark,
Still upward to the skies;
So fits the turtle in the dark,
And there she groans and cries.
- 5 And yet the lark, and yet the dove,
Both sing though sev'ral parts;
And so should we, howe'er we move,
With light, or heavy hearts:

- 6 Or, rather both should each assay,
And their cross notes unite;
Both grief and joy, should sing and pray,
Since both such hopes invite:
- 7 Hopes that all present sorrow heal,
All present joy transcend;
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel,
Delights that never end.
- 8 My God, had I my breath from thee,
This pow'r to speak and sing;
And shall my voice, and shall my song,
Praise any but their King?
- 9 My God, had I my soul from thee,
This pow'r to judge and chuse;
And shall my heart, and shall my will,
Their best to thee refuse?
- 10 Alas! not this alone, or that,
Hast thou bestow'd on me;
But all I have, and all I hope,
I have, and hope in thee.
- 11 And more I have, and more I hope,
Than I can speak or think;
Thy blessings first refresh, then fill,
Then overflow the brink.
- 12 But though my voice, and knowledge be
Too low to raise thy praise;
Yet both shall strain thy glorious name,
As high as they can raise.

13 Glory to thee, immortal God!

One great co-equal three;

As at the first beginning was,

May now and ever be.



H Y M N XL.

*The Pearl of great Price; or, Christ's transcendant
Excellency compared with every other Creature-
comfort, PHIL. iii. 8.*

1 **Y**OU seraphims, and higher pow'rs,
You ministers in sev'ral tow'rs;
Though you be sp'rits celestial,
You serve Lord Jesus at a call.

2 Great luminaries, sun and moon!
You serve both day, at night and noon:
You radiant stars, in heav'nly spheres,
Are dark when Son of God appears.

3 You gold, and silver, diamonds;
Ye rubies, sapphires, precious stones;
Which please mens fancies that are nice,
Ye're nothing to that Pearl of Price.

- 4 You stately oaks, and cydars tall;
You myrtle, cherry, cypress, all:
You fruitful vines, and apple ripe,
O praise you all the Tree of Life.
- 5 You violets, and dainty rose;
You fragrant flow'rs, sweet to the nose;
Delighting eyes, with colours rare,
But Sharon's rose surpasses you far.
- 6 Thou man, that is God's master-piece,
Thou art the rarest artifice;
Amongst all creatures hast no peer,
And to Jehovah comes most near.
- 7 Ye mighty Monarchs, that do sway,
Ye're gods; but I'll be bold to say,
Like men you shall bow ev'ry one,
When CHRIST the King sits on the throne.
- 8 Ye Potentates, and noble Peers,
Ye have great pomp for some few years;
But suddenly death casts you down,
The faint, he wears the noble crown.
- 9 You learned Doctors, with your books,
Your doctrine flows, like muddy brooks;
The shell of knowledge ye but teach,
When Christ from heav'n doth wisdom preach.
- 10 Ye grave Divines, ye stars of height;
Ambassadors to God of light:
The subtle heart ye cannot know,
But Christ will come with glorious show.

- 11 Ye great Physicians, who relieve
Some sickness sore, yourselves do grieve;
Ye can't recal our life again,
When death comes all your labour's vain,
- 12 Ye Jurists, that are vers'd in law,
Yet one poor soul ye cannot draw
From justice' throne, or Satan's gate;
Christ is the pleader, you but prat,
- 13 You that Prognostic by the stars;
Can ye prevent tumult'ous jars?
Or, can ye alter your own fate,
When God inverts both day and date?
- 14 Ye Men of war, with sword and shield,
Like heroes ye appear in field;
To conquer ye do never doubt:
He's valiant that doth Satan rout.
- 15 Ye Navigators that traverse
Remotest Indies, by commerce;
With wings of wind, arrive at last;
Yet often perish by a blast.
- 16 Merchants who compass sea and land,
One soul from Satan's cruel hand,
Thou you be rich, ye cannot save;
Let me have Christ, no more I crave.



H Y M N XLI.

*A view of CHRIST'S Resurrection-Song, and glorious
Victory over Hell, Death, and the Grave; very
suitable for the Sabbath-day, 1 PET. i. 3, 4.*

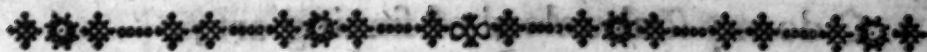
1 **A** WAKE my soul, rise from this bed
Of dull and sluggish earth;
O quickly rise! lift up thy head,
And see thy Lord's new-birth.

2 For once he came, O blessed he!
Born of a virgin's womb;
And now he comes both times for thee,
Sprung from a virgin tomb.

3 Behold, he rises fresh and bright,
Incircled round with stars;
And which from him take all their light,
And from his glorious scars.

4 Behold, we come, dear Lord, to thee,
And bow before thy throne:
We come to offer on our knee,
Our vows to thee alone.

- 5 Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy bounty freely gave;
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.
- 6 But, O! can all our store afford,
No better gifts for thee?
Thus we confess thy riches, Lord,
And thus our poverty.
- 7 'Tis not our tongue, or knee can pay,
The mighty debt we owe;
Far more we should, then we can say,
Far lower we should bow.
- 8 Come then my soul, bring all thy pow'rs,
And grieve thou hast no more;
Give ev'ry day thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.
- 9 O come, my soul, let us rejoice,
Let us our comfort bring;
And up to heav'n let's lift our voice,
And with the angels sing.
- 10 But, above all, prepare thy heart,
On this his own blest day;
In its sweet task to bear thy part,
And sing, and love, and pray.
- 11 Now glory, honour, pow'r, and praise,
To the mysterious three;
As at the first beginning was,
May now and ever be.



H Y M N XLII.

*Self-denial; or, a Soul's resting on the assistance of the
Spirit of GOD, PSAL. ciii. 13, 14.*

- 1 **T**HOU knows my frailty and fragility:
Give to me, Lord, what thou desires of me;
And then my frailty, like to snow with fire,
Disolving will give what thou dost desire.
- 2 Lord, give me life, to know within my mind,
My heart's an altar, and thou offering kind
Thy blessings; and it smoaking on each part,
Which may present the prayers of my heart.
- 3 Of thanks to thee, who did these blessings store,
My heart to clean, my spirit to decore:
Remove my frailty, feed with sp'ritual food
My soul; but, Lord, remove ingratitude.
- 4 Lord, I have no relief but run to thee;
When thy despisers love me to oppress;
When they begin to taunt dispitefully,
Then will I to thy holy name address.
- 5 A good relief indeed; and tell who dare,
If thou bid peace, proclaim against me war;
Then who can me o'ercome or yet prevail?
The devil shall not, nor the gates of hell.

- 6 Do not protract, O God, cleanse thou my heart;
O do my soul unload of sinning art;
That so in ev'ry part, I may proclaim,
Who has reviv'd a heart, by thy great name.
- 7 As thou hast sav'd me so, Lord, cause me still
Give thanks to thee, who has freed me from ill;
Cause me to work thy will with all my heart,
Uphold me by thy skill, do not depart.
- 8 If I have sinn'd against thee, let not me
Excuse my sin, with double flattery;
Lest I thy curses written in thy scroll,
Receive in wrath and fury of thy gall.
- 9 Who acteth thus with God, they do no more,
But just approves the sin they did before:
O cleanse my heart from sin, Lord, cleanse me so,
That my poor soul may shine like to the snow.



H Y M N XLIII.

*Heavy News to the wicked, which they shall not escape;
but great Joy to the godly, PSAL. xi. 6.*

- 1 **A**S I lay musing on my bed,
My thoughts I did employ;
To think upon the state of man,
Both in his grief and joy.

- 2 The worldly man doth spend his time,
As he were ay to live;
His heart is fix'd upon this world,
And fast to it doth cleave:
- 3 But death will come, and him surprise,
There will be no relief;
For he must bid this world adieu,
And that is all his grief.
- 4 The right'ous man, though he be poor,
And sometimes scant of bread;
Yet trusteth always in the Lord,
And God still doth him feed.
- 5 Though wicked men may him exclaim,
As they would him destroy;
Yet God is his defence and shield,
And that is all his joy.
- 6 The worldly man, he loveth gain,
That is all his pleasure:
He hugs the world into his arms,
Here is all his treasure.
- 7 Such treasures at the day of death,
Will yield him no relief;
For he can carry nothing hence,
And this is no small grief.
- 8 The right'ous man his only hope,
His treasure is above;
His confidence is fix'd on high,
And nothing can him move.

- 9 Though wicked men may laugh at him,
And vex and make him sorry;
The Lord Jehovah is his strength,
And this is all his glory.
- 10 The worldly man is still content,
When he his barns can fill;
He trusteth in his riches here,
And lives securely still.
- 11 But death shall seize him unawares,
And come like to a thief;
Then he shall die eternally,
And then will come his grief.
- 12 The right'ous man is still content,
Whatever can befall;
He will not grudge for want of bread,
But on God's name will call.
- 13 And when his time is at an end,
Great then will be his joy;
For he will surely enter in,
Where nothing shall annoy.
- 14 When once they come into that land,
They never shall remove;
For Christ purchased peace to them,
At great expence and love.



H Y M N XLIV.

Hypocrites the Devil's drudge, MAT. xxiii. 13,—34.

- 1 **T**HOUGH hypocrites may still appear,
Right in the sight of men;
God knows the secret of their hearts,
And he will them condemn.
- 2 The hypocrites with haughty hearts,
And tongues full of deceit;
Do flatter only with their lips,
Those in their hearts do hate.
- 3 While they are living in this world,
They make an empty show;
But God will land them at the last,
Into the pit below.
- 4 The hypocrites, their whole desire,
Is but the praise of men;
Which only is the devil's badge,
And bitter in the end.
- 5 The sow doth only part the hoof,
But cheweth not the cud;
So they their service do divide,
Betwixt themselves and God.

- 6 The hypocrites are stuff'd with pride,
They glory in their strength;
Because they never trust in God,
They'll go to hell at length.
- 7 And when they come to pray to him,
They mock'd him to his face;
Because they give not God the praise,
Sure hell will be their place.
- 8 This is the portion of those men,
That love not God at all;
But flatter only with their lips,
When they on him do call.
- 9 Their glory sure will turn to shame,
Their grief will then be fore;
Because they have deceitful hearts,
God still shall them abhor.
- 10 Balaam himself desir'd to die,
The death of right'ous men;
But right'ousness he did not chuse,
So could not that obtain.
- 11 Though wicked men may flourish here,
Like to the green bay tree;
They have no thought of death at all,
From troubles they are free.
- 12 For they are free of bonds at death,
Their conscience is asleep;
They sleep until their breath decays,
Into the pit that's deep.

- 13 No comfort they can have at all,
When at their day of death;
Their pleasures then will take the wing,
When once they yield their breath.
- 14 What torments hypocrites endure,
There is no tongue can tell?
But sure they must be very great,
When in the flames of hell.
- 15 Their time of torment sure cannot,
Be numbered at all;
Nor yet can any when in hell,
Their time again recal.
- 16 When they are there, they may despair
Of coming out again;
When thousand, thousand years are gone,
Their troubles but begin.
- 17 So men should always fear and doubt,
They fall into that lake;
And think upon their former ways,
And all their sins forsake.

H Y M N XLV.

The Sinner's Pleasure, is the Believer's Pain.

HEB. XI. 25.

- 1 **L**ET others court what joys they please,
And gain whate'er they court;
For me I find but little ease,
In all their gayest sport.
- 2 Be thou alone but with my heart,
My God, my only bliss;
I shall not murmur at my part,
Nor envy their success.
- 3 They talk of pleasure, talk of gain;
None must their humour cross:
But well I know, their pleasures pain;
Their greatest profit loss.
- 4 Let them talk on, and have not we
Our gains and pleasures too?
Pleasures that spring more sweet and free,
Gains that more fully flow.
- 5 Nay, well endur'd, our very pains,
To us a pleasure are;
And all our losses turn to gains,
If hopes may have their share.

- 6 And sure they may have hopes that chear,
The heav'n espoused breast;
Hopes that so strangely charm us here,
What will they be possest?
- 7 All glory to the sacred three;
All honour, pow'r, and praise:
As 'twas at first, still may it be,
Beyond the end of days.



H Y M N XLVI.

The Rose of Sharon; or, Divine Love.
SONG viii. 6, 7.

- 1 COME let's adore the King of love,
And King of suff'rings too;
For love it was that brought him down,
And set him here in wo.
- 2 Love drew him from his paradise,
Where flow'rs that fade not grow;
And planted him in our poor dust,
Among the weeds below.
- 3 Here for a time, this heav'nly plant,
Fairly grew up and thriv'd;
Diffus'd its sweetness all around,
And all in sweetness liv'd.

- 4 But envious frosts, and furious storms,
So long and fiercely chid;
This tender flow'r at last bow'd down,
His wounded head and dy'd.
- 5 O narrow thoughts! more narrow speech!
Here your defects confess;
The life of Christ, the blood of God,
How faintly you express.
- 6 May he who from a virgin root,
Made this fair flow'r to spring;
Help us to raise both heart and voice,
And with more spirit sing.
- 7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One undivided three;
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
Now, and for ever be.



H Y M N XLVII.

*The Excellency of the Cross of CHRIST, to every true
Believer, GAL. vi. 14.*

- 1 **A**ND now, my soul, can'st thou forget,
That thy whole life is one long debt
Of love to him, who on this tree,
Paid back the flesh he took for thee?

- 2 Lo! how the streams of precious blood,
Flow from five wounds into one flood?
With these he washes all thy stains,
And buys thy ease, with his own pains.
- 3 Tall Tree of Life! we clearly now,
That doubt of former ages know;
It was that wood should make a throne,
Fit for a more than Solomon.
- 4 Large throne of love! royally spread
With purple of too rich a red;
Strange costly price! thus to make good,
Thine own esteem with our King's blood.
- 5 Hail fairest Plant of paradise!
To thee our hopes lift up their eyes:
O may aloft thy branches shoot!
And fill the nations with thy fruit.
- 6 O may all reap from thy increase!
The just more strength, the sinner peace;
While our half-wither'd hearts, and we
Ingraft ourselves and grow in thee.
- 7 Live, O for ever live, and reign,
Blest Lamb, whom thine own love hast slain;
And may thy lost sheep live to be,
True lovers of thy cross and thee.
- 8 All glory to the sacred three,
One undivided Deity;
As it has been in ages gone,
May now and ever still be done.



H Y M N XLVIII.

The great Mystery of Faith, HEB. xi. 1.

- 1 **W**ITH all the pow'rs my poor soul hath,
Of humble love, and loyal faith:
Thus low my God, I bow to thee;
Whom too much love bow'd low'r for me.
- 2 Down busy sense, self-right'ous fly;
Let all adore faith's mystery:
Faith is my skill, faith can believe,
As fast as love new laws can give.
- 3 Faith is my eye, faith strength affords,
To keep pace with these gracious words;
And words more sweet, more sure than they;
Loye could not think, truth could not say.
- 4 O dear memorial of that death,
Which still survives and gives us breath;
Live ever, Bread of Life, and be
My food, my joy, and all to me.
- 5 Come, glorious Lord, my hopes increase;
And give my portion with thy peace:
Come hidden life, and that long day,
For which I languish, come away.

- 6 Where this dry soil, thole eyes shall see,
And drink the unseal'd fource of thee;
When glory's sun, faith's shade shall chace,
And for thy veil, give me thy face.

H Y M N XLIX.

*The Christian lamenting his Inconstancy, and seeing
the lets and interruptions in the way of Duty, trusts
in GOD for help, JER. xvii. 9.*

- 1 **F**AIN would my thoughts fly up to thee,
Thy peace, sweet Lord, to find;
But when I offer, still the world,
Lays clogs upon my mind.

- 2 Sometimes I climb a little way,
And thence look down below;
How nothing there do all things seem,
That here make such a show?

- 3 Then round about I turn mine eyes,
To feast my hungry sight,
I meet with heav'n in ev'ry thing;
In ev'ry thing delight.

- 4 I see thy wisdom ruling all,
And it with joy admire!
I see myself among such hopes,
As set my heart on fire.
- 5 When I have thus triumph'd a while,
And think to build my nest;
Some cross conceit comes flutt'ring by,
And interrupts my rest.
- 6 Then to the earth again I fall,
And from my low dust cry:
'Twas not in my wing, Lord, but thine,
That I got up so high.
- 7 And now, my God, whether I rise,
Or still ly down in dust;
Both I submit to thy blest will,
In both on thee I trust.
- 8 Guide thou my way, who art thyself,
My everlasting end;
That ev'ry step, be't swift or slow,
Still to thyself may tend.
- 9 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One consubstantial three;
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
Now, and for ever be.

H Y M N L.

*None but CHRIST; all other things Vanity to the
true Believer, COL. iii. 2.*

- 1 **S**WEET JESUS! why, why dost thou love
Such worthless things as we?
Why is thy heart still towards us,
Who seldom think of thee.
- 2 Thy bounty gives us all we have,
And we thy gifts abuse;
Thy bounty gives us ev'n thyself,
And we thyself refuse.
- 3 And why, my soul, why do we love,
Such wretched things as these?
These that withdraw us from our Lord,
And his pure eyes displease?
- 4 Break off and be no more a child,
To run, and sweat, and cry;
While all this stir, this huge concern,
Is only for a fly.
- 5 Some silly fly that's hard to catch,
And nothing when it's caught:
Such are the toys thou striv'st for here,
Not worth a serious thought.

- 6 Break off and raise thy manly eye,
Up to those joys above;
Behold! all those thy Lord prepares,
To woo and crown thy love.
- 7 Alas, dear Lord! I cannot love,
Unless thou draw my heart;
Thou who so kindly mak'st me know,
O make me do my part.
- 8 Still do thou love me, O my Lord!
That I may still love thee;
Still make me love thee, O my God!
That thou may'st still love me.
- 9 Thus may my God, and my poor soul;
Still one another love;
Till I depart from this low world,
T' enjoy our God above.
- 10 To thee great God, to thee alone,
One co-eternal three;
All pow'r and praise, all joy and bliss,
Now, and for ever be.

H Y M N L I.

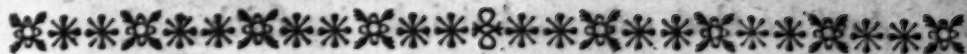
The Path-way to Paradise: or, practical Duties, as they were exemplified, by the most eminent, pious, and devout People of GOD, in the Old and New Testaments, HEB. vi. 11.

- 1 **S**INCE riches, treasures, all in Christ are found,
And I'm by Adam's fall, wretched and bound:
I'll to Immanuel, my sins all tell,
With mournful sound, my woes I will bewail.
- 2 I'll go and search and try my former ways,
With grief I'll mourn and pray for mispent days:
Blot out my sin, receive me graciously,
The sacrifice of praise I'll render thee.
- 3 I will, with Abel, give the best I have;
I will with Enoch live, pious and grave:
Though the world stray, with Noah I will stay,
Thou shalt me save, to walk in perfect way.
- 4 And with good Abraham, that faithful man,
Who left his kindred, and came to Canaan;
So at thy call, I'll leave my comforts all;
Faith conquer can, though even Isaac fall.

- 5 With Jacob's prayer bold, I will address,
The angel for to stay, till he me bliss;
As Moses' meekness had when hard bested,
So to heav'n's rest, this way I will be led.
- 6 With Samuel from a child, I'll consecrate,
With spirit meek and mild, I'll seperate
Myself and all I have for thee, O Lord;
Obey thy voice, and keep thy holy word.
- 7 Caleb and Joshua, upright with God;
Phinehas he fear'd not, sinners he trode;
When zeal wax'd hot, he slew, and spared not;
A sure abode for his reward he got.
- 8 With David, I'll thee call my portion;
In earth and heaven all, there is not one,
My heart and soul above thee doth desire;
O matchless one! let faith and love conspire.
- 9 With Job, that great divine, when he was prest,
I'll not at all repine, patience is best;
When trials come, then Lord, I'll only say,
Blest be thy name, thou gives and takes away.
- 10 In sack and sable suit, sad sighs I'll send,
Fast with the Ninevite, my ways I'll mend;
With Ephraim I'll bemoan, with sigh and groan,
Confess my sins, and trespasses each one.
- 11 With Joseph, sin I'll fly, though tempted be,
All things are known by thy all-seeing eye;
And though vile lust should hold me by the robe,
Shall I do this, and sin against my God.

- 12 With old Simeon, when I see Christ's face,
I'll leave this world behind, and die in peace:
I'll with thy prodigal turn, want doth call;
My Father sends relief and pity shall.
- 13 I'll with the virgins wise my lamp prepare,
At mid-night for to rise, with love and care;
To meet Christ who is mine, with oyl divine;
O Jesus fair! on my soul do but shine.
- 14 With the poor Publican, I'll mercy crave,
As a poor wretched man, or as a slave:
I'll bring the widow's mite, the same I'll give;
Christ will have mercy yet, my soul to save.
- 15 With true Nathanael, that saint indeed;
In uprightness I'll deal, so shall I speed:
For thou requir'st the heart, that noble part;
O thou my chiefest good! do not depart.
- 16 The contemplation tree I will ascend,
That I may Jesus see, he'll me defend;
Against the enemy, both fierce and fly,
He'll succour send, the dragon he'll defy.
- 17 Come down Zaccheus then, he will reply,
Thou'rt a beloved man, I'll not deny;
This day I'll with thee dine; to thee and thine,
Salvation's come; for thou art truly mine.
- 18 With the Centurion I'll fast and pray,
Alms also will I join; then I will say,
Lord, do this off'ring take, and perfect make,
O do not cast away, nor me forsake.

- 19 What goods I purchas'd have, by force or fraud,
I will restore again, thou'lt me applaud;
I'll give of what is mine, to who are thine,
Such as the saints in sorrow who do pine.
- 20 All idols I abhor, thou dost the same;
I with my heart adore thy glorious name: [own,
All names by which thou'rt known, with love I'll
Thou lov'st this frame, so shall thou never frown,
- 21 I will no more injure my neighbour's right;
Never shall I endure by force or flight;
His life and safety, goods and chastity,
His name, as in thy fight, advance will I.
- 22 I'll not for more reward, sent from above,
Nor yet for fear of hell, sin disapprove;
These things shall never motives be to me,
Out of pure love, Lord, will I follow thee.
- 23 Thou promigest reward to piety;
Hell's fire thou hast prepar'd to terrify;
The one is to allure all who is pure,
The other eternity must endure.
- 24 I'll now deal prudently in perfect way,
For though I zealous be, yet I may stray:
As Peter's sword, or Jews in innocence,
So to the Lord, I'll with my soul advance.

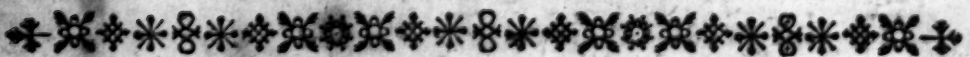


H Y M N LII.

*Food to the Hungry; and glad Tidings to the Captive,
to keep up the remembrance of CHRIST'S Death,
ISA. lii. 1, 2, 3.*

- 1 **R**ISE royal Zion! rise and sing,
To thy soul's Shepherd, thy heart's King:
Stretch all thy pow'rs; call if you can,
Harps of heaven, to hands of men.
- 2 Lo, here the Bread of Life! this day's
Triumphant text, provokes thy praise;
The living, and life-giving bread,
To the great twelve distributed:
- 3 But let these die too, we are bid
Ever to do, what Christ once did;
And by a mindful thankful breath,
That we may live, revive his death.
- 4 Here what appears in form but bread,
By consecration, holy's made;
And is to us Christ's flesh, if we
Receive with due humility.

- 5 Thus too, the blood our dear Lord shed
For us, is there exhibited:
And he that eats and drinks by faith,
Christ's flesh and blood salvation hath.
- 6 See the life food of angels! then
Giv'n to the sinful mouths of men;
The ransom'd Isaac, and his ram,
The manna, and the paschal lamb.
- 7 JESUS! to thee we sinners sue;
O thou our food and shepherd too!
Blest be that love which thus makes thee,
Mix with our low mortality.
- 8 O may thou raise and set us up,
Partakers of thine own full cup;
That we for ever blest may sing,
Praises to our great Lord and King.



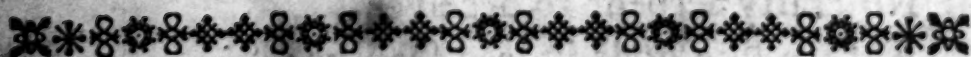
H Y M N LIII.

*The Believer longing to be freed from a body of Sin and
Death, ROM. vii. 4.*

- 1 **D**EAR JESUS, when, when will it be,
That I no more shall break with thee;
When will this war of passions cease,
And let my soul enjoy thy peace?

- 2 Here I repent, and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain:
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, ah! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 When, dearest Lord, when shall I be,
A garden seal'd to all but thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone.
- 4 'Tis not, alas! on this low earth,
That such pure flow'rs can find a birth;
Only they spring above the skies,
Where none can live, till here he dies.
- 5 Then let me die, that I may go,
And dwell where those bright lillies grow;
Where those blest plants of glory rise,
And make a safer paradise.
- 6 No dang'rous fruit, no tempting Eve,
No crafty serpent to deceive;
But we like gods indeed shall be;
O! let me die, that life to see.
- 7 Thus says my song: But does my heart
Join with these words, and sing its part?
Am I indeed so wise to chuse,
The other world, and this refuse?
- 8 Why should I not? what do I find,
That fully here contents my mind?
What is this meat, and drink, and sleep,
That such poor things from heav'n should keep?

- 9 What is this honour or great place,
Or bag of money, or fair face?
What's all the world that thus we should,
Still long to dwell with flesh and blood?
- 10 Fear not my soul, stand to thy word,
Which thou hast sung to thy dear Lord:
Let but thy love be firm and true,
And with more zeal thy wish renew.
- 11 O! may this dying life make haste,
To die into true life at last:
No hope have I to live before,
But thine to live, and die no more
- 12 Great ever living God, to thee,
In essence one, in persons three:
May all thy works their tribute bring,
And ev'ry age thy glory sing.



H Y M N LIV.

This World but little in the Eye of the Saint.

HEB. xii. 2.

- 1 **M**Y soul, what's all this world to thee?
This world of sin and wo;
Where only sense can taste its sweets,
And those unwholesome too.

2 Truth is my food, truth my delight;
Which cannot here be free:
Thy mind was born to know and love,
What this life ne'er can see.

3 Malicious world! how dost thou lay,
And cover thy false baits?
On one hand pleasure, th'other gain:
Each for our ruin wait.

4 Unhappy we! it is our fault,
'Tis we our life abuse;
The world presents a furnish'd shop;
But mercies we abuse.

5 Like to a little child am I,
Self-will'd, self-wounded too;
But, Lord, turn not thy face away,
Lest I myself undoe.

6 O make me still to use this world,
That I the other gain;
O make me so the other love,
That this I may disdain.

7 It's end to breed up souls to heav'n;
Then be itself undress'd:
No more corruption, no more change;
But one perpetual rest.

8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The undivided three;
One equal glory, one same praise,
Now, and for ever be.

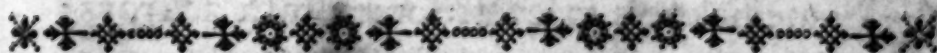


H Y M N LV.

The Saints advancing CHRIST, and their holy Resolution to persevere in the ways of GOD, PSAL. xlii. 1.

- 1 **A**S chased hart he pants, after the streams,
So my soul, when it wants the warming beams
Of divine Majesty; will sigh and cry
Up to the heav'ns, till it find some supply.
- 2 Long didst thou knock, and call both night and
Oft did I thee repel and drive away: [day,
Justly mightst thou depart, my soul desert,
And for my sin, make me sore find the smart.
- 3 But now I hear thy voice, sweet Jesus stay,
Thou art my only choice, help now I pray:
I'll sleep no more in sin, but now begin,
And, O that I may strive that prize to win.
- 4 Though men me stop, and let, and take my vail,
Though they this body beat and make it quell;
Though I should wounded be, nail'd to a tree:
Immanuel! I'll ever follow thee.
- 5 Unworthy wretch am I, that my poor rooff
Should thee lodge; but I'll pray, Lord do me prove:
So shall humility be dignity;
When peevish pride and fraud must stand and fly.

- 6 Give me faith, that I may but touch thy hem,
This will my grief allay, my bleeding stem;
This will me well restore from sickness sore,
And then I will thy glorious name adore.
- 7 If I be quite profane without all grace;
If Laodicea's frame my heart possess:
Into solace, thou'lt never me receive,
Till with fervent zeal, the world I do leave.
- 8 Give me that gracious oyl, I'll run thy way,
Serve without any toil, and never stray:
I'll chearfully go on, through grace alone,
At judgment-day, so shall thy praise be won.
- 9 I'll keep thy Sabbaths well, that is thy day,
Thy wonders I will tell, my vows I'll pay;
Thy word and sacraments, thy ordinance,
With zeal, I will thy holy name advance.



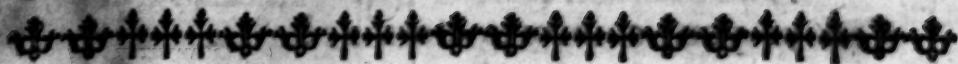
H Y M N LVI.

The Saint's holy Contempt of all sublunary Pleasures and Profits, in comparison with CHRIST, ECCL. xii. 8.

- 1 **H**EALTH, beauty, strength, are but flowers,
Soon wither'd with a stormy blast;
To dust you must return in haste,
Christ is my choice, for he is best.

- 2 You flatt'ring fortunes with your smile,
Your change will shortly me beguile:
I do not prize your prosp'rous gales,
Christ is the friend that never fails.
- 3 You glitt'ring golds, and silver bright,
You precious gems, that shine with light;
Which mortal men do so desire;
It is for Christ that I aspire.
- 4 You honours that do men advance;
I count you all but as a glance;
The poor man fears your threat'ning rod,
Let Christ with me make his abode.
- 5 You friends and fav'rites that are great,
You love to-day, to-morrow hate;
I will not on you much rely;
When friends forsake, Lord, here my cry.
- 6 You children are but pleasant toys,
Some sickness grieves, some death destroys;
Delighting parents when you prate;
May Christ and me ne'er separate.
- 7 You sublime notions and accute,
Before the Judge ye're turned mute;
You reach both deep and starry sky;
Christ is that wisdom from on high.
- 8 You purple robes, and clothes of gold,
You're cast away when you wax old:
Your mother is the bruit, and dust;
Christ's wedding garment is my trust.

- 9 You gilded trifles more or less,
Can ye man's happiness increase?
Can ye your comforts eternize?
Let me have Christ, he will suffice.
- 10 You broken cisterns less and more,
You cannot give me grace nor glore;
You cannot living waters give,
That ever blessed I may live.
- 11 Then I'll conclude with Solomon,
Created comforts ev'ry one,
Are empty trifles all I see,
When Christ appears in majesty.
- 12 To-morrow sick, to-day in health;
To-morrow poor, to-day in wealth:
To-day I'm bound, to-morrow free;
To-day I'm low, to-morrow high.
- 13 Christ now the day-star doth appear;
The Sun of Right'ousness draws near,
Above the horizon doth rise,
With light and life down from the skies.



H Y M N LVII.

Brotherly Love, P s A L. cxxxiii. 1.

1 **L** O R D, what a pleasant life were this,
If all did well their part?
If all did one another love,
Sincerely in their heart.

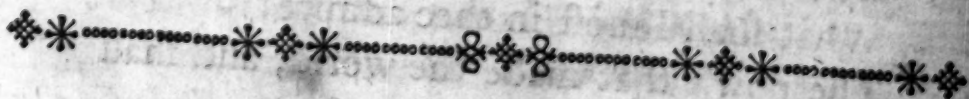
2 No suits of law, no noise of war,
Our quiet minds would fright;
No fear to loss, no care to keep,
What justly is our right.

3 No envious thought, no sland'ring tongue,
Would e'er disturb our peace;
We would help them, and they help us,
And all unkindness cease.

4 But the All-wise chose other laws,
And thought it better so:
He made the world, and sure he knows,
What's best for us to do.

5 'Tis for our good, that all this ill,
Is suffer'd here below:
'Tis to correct those dang'rous sweets,
That else would poison grow.

- 6 So storms are rais'd to clear the air,
And chase the clouds away:
So weeds grow up, to cure our wounds,
And all our pains allay.
- 7 How often, Lord, do we mistake,
When we our plots design?
Rule thou hereafter thine own world;
Only thyself be mine.
- 8 Or rather, Lord, let me be thine;
Else I am not my own:
Give me thyself, or take thou me,
Undone if left alone.
- 9 To thee, great God! of heav'n and earth,
Each knee for ever bow:
May all thy blessed sing above,
And we adore below.



H Y M N LVIII.

CHRIST'S *Matchless Love to Sinners.*

JOHN XV. 13.

- 1 **T**UNE now yourselves, my heart strings high;
Let us aloft our voices raise;
That our loud song may reach the sky,
And there present to thee our praise.

- 2 To thee, blest JESUS, who cam'st down,
From those bright spheres of joy above;
To purchase us a dear-bought crown,
And woo our souls to 'spouse thy love.
- 3 Long had the world in darkness sat,
Till thou and all thy glorious light,
Began to dawn from heav'n's fair gate;
And with thy beams dispel that night.
- 4 We too, alas! still here had stood,
As common slaves in the same shade;
But Mercy came, and with his blood,
Our gen'ral ransom freely paid.
- 5 Not all the malice of the Jews;
Nor death itself could him remove:
Still he his blest design pursues,
And gives his life to prove his love.
- 6 And now, my Lord, my God, and all;
What shall I most in thee admire?
The pow'r that made the world, and shall
The world again dissolve by fire.
- 7 O no! thy strange humility;
Thy wounds, thy pains, thy cross, thy death:
These shall alone my wonder be,
My health, my staff, my joy, my breath.
- 8 To thee, great God, to thee alone,
Three persons in one Deity;
As in past ages was, be done,
All glory now, and ever be.



H Y M N LIX.

*The Office of the HOLY GHOST, in applying CHRIST'S
Purchase to the Elect, JOHN xiv. 26.*

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit, come and breathe,
On our dull region here beneath;
Thy spicy odours on the face,
And fill our souls with thy sweet grace.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou, the anointing Spirit art,
Whō dost thy sev'n-fold gifts impart.
- 3 Come, and root out the pois'nous weeds,
Which over-run and choak thy seeds:
Let grace be in our hearts and lives;
Whose quick'ning pow'r our sp'rits revives.
- 4 Come, holy Sp'rit, send down those beams,
Which gently flow in silent streams:
Come, thou enricher of the poor,
And bount'ous source of all our store.
- 5 Come, thou our soul's delicious Guest,
The wearied pilgrim's sweetest rest:
Come, and our passions cool allay;
Thy comforts wipes all tears away.

- 6 Come, thou bright sun, shoot home thy darts;
Pierce to the centre of our hearts:
Without thy grace, without thy light,
Our strength is weakness, our day night.
- 7 First plant the humble violet there;
Then let the lilly next appear;
That rests secure by dwelling low,
And make us chaste, yet fruitful too.
- 8 But, O! plant all the virtues, Lord,
Repeat once more that mighty word;
And let the metaphors alone;
Thou need'st but say, let it be done.
- 9 Alas! we cannot be, nor grow;
Thy hand must plant and water too:
Thus let thy pow'rful mercy please;
Thy hand alone must bring th' encrease.
- 10 Do then what thou alone can do;
Conduct us through this world of wo:
Do what to thee so easy is;
And place us safe where glory is.
- 11 Lord, wash our sinful stains away;
Water from heav'n our barren clay:
To thy sweet yoke, our stiff necks bow,
Warm with thy fire our hearts of snow.
- 12 O grant thy faithful, dearest Lord!
Whose only hope is thy sure word:
Grant us in life t' obey thy grace;
Grant us at death to see thy face.

- 13 Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 14 Anoint and cheer our soiled face,
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep back our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art Guide, no ill can come.
- 15 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This may be our eternal song.
- 16 All glory to the sacred three;
One ever-living Deity:
As at the first when time began,
May the same homage still be done.



H Y M N LX.

*The new Jerusalem; or, a faint Representation of the
Paradise above, and the Felicity of the Saints in Light,*
REV. XXI. 10,—27.

- 1 JERUSALEM, the city is,
Of God our King alone;
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon his throne.

- 2 O God! that I Jerufalem,
With fpeed may go behold:
For why? the pleasures there abound,
With tongue cannot be told.
- 3 O! happy harbour of God's faints;
O fweet and pleasant foil;
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil:
- 4 No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
No woful wight is there;
No figh, no fob, no cry is heard,
No angry word nor fear.
- 5 In thee no ficknefs is at all,
No hurt, nor any fore;
There is no death, nor ugly fight,
But life for evermore:
- 6 No darkifh clouds o'erfhadow them,
No cloud, nor darkfome night;
But ev'ry foul fhines as the fun,
For God himfelf gives light.
- 7 There luft nor lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no fway;
There is no hunger, thirft, nor heat,
But pleasure ev'ry way.
- 8 Jerufalem, Jerufalem,
Would God I were in thee:
O! that my sorrows had an end,
The joys that I might fee.

- 9 Thy turrets's and pinacles,
All with carbuncles shine;
With jasper, pearls, and cryfolyte,
Surpassing pure and fine.
- 10 Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows, crystal clear;
Thy streets, are pav'd with beaten gold,
Where angels do appear.
- 11 Thy walls are made of precious stones;
Thy bulwarks, diamonds square:
Thy gates are made of orient pearls;
O God! if I were there.
- 12 Within thy gates nothing can come,
That is not pure and clean:
No spider's web, no mire, nor dust,
No filth may there be seen.
- 13 Thy vineyards, and thy orchards all,
So wonderful and fair;
And furnished with trees and fruit,
Most beautiful and rare.
- 14 Thy gardens, and thy goodly walks,
Continually are green;
There grows such sweet and pleasant fruit,
As no where else are seen.
- 15 O my sweet home! Jerusalem,
God grant I soon may see;
My King sitting upon his throne,
And my felicity.

- 16 There sweeter than the honey grows;
 Than nard, or balm abound;
 No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
 The pleasures there are found.
- 17 There better than the nectar springs,
 Than musk, or any sweet;
 There all this world's fine dainty things,
 Are trode down under feet.
- 18 There through the streets with pleasant sound,
 The flood of life doth flow;
 Upon whose banks on ev'ry side,
 The Tree of Life doth grow.
- 19 This tree each month, do yield ripe fruit,
 For evermore it springs;
 And all the nations of the world,
 To thee their honour brings.
- 20 Whose leaves are ever fresh and green,
 And fadeth not away;
 For healing of the nations all,
 And medicine alway.
- 21 There hidden manna is laid up
 For saints, and kept in store;
 Where they will feed on it above,
 With gladness evermore.
- 22 Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
 And end my grief and plaints;
 Take me to thy Jerusalem,
 And place me with thy saints.

- 23 There, is the fair and comely rose,
That grows in Sharon's field;
And there the pleasant lilly is,
The valleys cannot yield.
- 24 O lovely is this dwelling-place!
And lovely is Christ's name!
His loving-kindness to his saints,
For ever will remain.
- 25 I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all:
For thou art fair and beautiful;
None ill can thee befall.
- 26 The Lamb unspotted, pure and white,
To us doth stand in lieu;
And object great, the glory is,
My heav'nly King to view.
- 27 No candle needs, nor moon to shine,
No glitt'ring stars to light;
For Christ the King of right'ousness,
There ever shineth bright.
- 28 In thee Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear;
No night, no gloom, no winter storm,
No time can alter there.
- 29 Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
Full fore I long to see:
O that my sorrows had an end!
That I might dwell in thee.

- 30 There, there the quire of angels sing;
 There the seraphic sort:
 O citizens, that stood for truth,
 From dangers now do sport.
- 31 There be the prudent prophets all,
 Th' apostles six and six;
 The glorious martyrs in a row,
 And fathers them betwixt.
- 32 There David stands with harp in hand,
 As master of a quire;
 A thousand times all those are blest,
 That does such music hear.
- 33 There Mary sings magnificate,
 With tunes surpassing sweet;
 And all the virgins bear their part,
 Sitting about CHRIST's feet.
- 34 There Magdalen hath left her moan,
 And chearfully doth sing,
 With all blest saints whole harmony,
 Through ev'ry street doth ring.
- 35 To God, saint Ambrose gravely sings;
 And Augustine most meek;
 Old Simeon, and Zachary,
 Have not their songs to seek.
- 36 There doth all the righteous souls,
 And matrons all consist;
 Young men and maids, which here on earth,
 Their pleasure did resist.

37 There faints are crown'd with glory great,
 And see God face to face:
 They triumph still, and ay rejoice;
 Most happy is their case.

38 But we that are in banishment,
 Continually do moan;
 We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,
 Perpetually we groan.

39 Our sweetness mixed is with gall;
 Our pleasure is with pain:
 Our joys not worth the looking on;
 Our sorrows ay remain.

40 But there they live in such delight,
 Such pleasure ev'ry way;
 That unto them, a thousand years,
 Seem but as yesterday.

41 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 Thy joys fain would I see:
 Come quickly, LORD, and end my grief,
 And take me home to thee.

42 O stamp thy name in my fore-head,
 And take me hence away;
 That I may dwell with thee in bliss,
 And sing thy praises ay.

43 Jerusalem, thy happy throne,
 Jehovah's throne on high;
 O sacred city! queen and wife,
 Of CHRIST eternally.

- 44 O comely Queen, with glory clad;
With honour and degree;
All fair thou art, exceeding bright,
No spot there is in thee.
- 45 The LORD is King of kings; beset,
In midst his servants fight;
And they, his happy household all,
Do serve him day and night.
- 46 CHRIST's sheep and Lambs, which hardly 'scapt
The snare of death and hell;
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell.
- 47 And though the glory of each one,
There differ in degree;
Yet is the joy of all alike,
And common as we see.
- 48 There love and charity doth rest;
And CHRIST is all in all:
Whom they most perfectly behold,
In glory spiritual.
- 49 They love, they praise, they praise their Lord;
They holy; holy cry:
They neither toil, nor faint, nor fail,
But laud continually.
- 50 O happy thousand times were I,
If after wretched days,
I might with open ears conceive,
Those heav'nly songs of praise.

- 51 Which to th' eternal King are sung,
By heav'nly faints above;
By sacred souls, and angels sweet,
To love the God of love.
- 52 O blessed are the pure in heart;
Their Saviour they shall see:
O ye most happy heav'nly souls,
Which of God's household be.
- 53 O passing happy were my state!
Might I be worthy found;
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound.
- 54 And to enjoy my CHRIST above,
His favour and his grace;
According to his promise made,
Which here I do embrace.
- 55 O Father dear! quoth CHRIST, let them
Which thou hast giv'n of old
To me, be where I am, that they
Thy glory may behold:
- 56 Which I with thee, before this world
Was made, in perfect wise
Have had; from whence the fountain great
Of glory do arise.
- 57 Again, if any man will serve,
Then let him follow me;
That where I am, thou may'st be sure,
There shall my servant be.

58 And still, if any man love me;
Him loves my Father dear:
Whom I do love; to him myself
In glory will appear.

59 LORD, take away my misery,
That then I may behold,
With thee in thy Jerusalem,
Thy glory manifold:

60 And so in Zion, see my King,
My LORD, my GOD, and all;
Whom now as in a glass I see,
Then face to face I shall.

61 O LORD! with speed dissolve my bands,
These bands and fetters strong;
For I have dwelt within these tents
Of Kedar over long.

62 Yet once again, I pray thee, LORD,
To quit me from all strife;
That to thy holy hill I come,
And dwell there all my life.

63 With cherubims and seraphims,
And holy souls of men;
To sing thy praise, O GOD of Hosts,
For ever and Amen.



H Y M N LXI.

*The Saint's Song of CHRIST's Love, having put on
Immortality, and now ready to meet CHRIST in the
Clouds, 1 THESS. iv. 16, 17, 18.*

- 1 **O** ! All ye nations on this earth,
Come wonder at CHRIST's love;
And meditate upon the fame,
Which should our hearts much move.
- 2 Such wond'rous condescending love,
Should in us love excite;
The nail should pierce our very hearts,
Which pierc'd his hands and feet.
- 3 Christ's matchless condescending love,
We cannot know aright;
Neither can we fathom the depth,
Nor yet find out the height.
- 4 Such love as this should us engage,
That we should love again;
Yea, ev'n with our whole strength and mind,
Our praises should begin.

- 5 Christ is the Head of his own church,
Who is his only spouse;
His love is ever towards her,
Though she doth it abuse.
- 6 Yet unto those who flight his love,
His call is to them still;
And bids them all return again,
For pity them he will.
- 7 O all ye faints upon the earth!
Come serve him with your might;
And think upon his divine love,
With pleasure and delight.
- 8 So let your hearts rejoice in him;
Praise him continually;
His wond'rous condescending love,
Keep in your memory.
- 9 He's lovely to the sons of men;
He's love without compare:
And always lovely to his faints,
His love who can declare.
- 10 He's white and ruddy, always fair,
Chief amongst thousands ten;
He altogether lovely is,
Unto the souls of men.
- 11 Christ on his shoulders carries them,
Brings them into his fold;
To feed amongst his tender lambs,
Whose names are all enroll'd:

12 Into the Book of Life for ay,
In heav'n which is sure;
Which never shall be blotted out,
But ever will endure,

13 So he will say unto his doves,
My fair ones come away;
Ye are the darling of my heart,
Whom I will love for ay.

14 The winter now is past and gone,
And flow'rs do fair appear;
The birds also sing in that land,
With chearful voices clear.

15 So sweetly sings the faints on high,
With joy and great pleasure;
Their peace is sure, their rest is sweet,
Where they shall live for ever.

16 O lovely is that pleasant place,
Where now they go to dwell;
And lovely is their company,
Their pleasures all excel.

17 There is no toil where now they go,
Nor weariness at all;
But peace and rest for evermore,
To endless ages all.

18 No doubts nor fears can them oppress,
Nor come into their mind;
No wand'ring thoughts can then disturb,
Nor they to sin inclin'd,

- 19 There is no devil there to tempt,
Nor serpent to deceive;
No foe, nor false friend in that place,
For ever shall they have.
- 20 To cryſtal ſtreams, Chriſt now them bears,
Which will their eyes ſurpriſe;
Likewiſe, he will dry up their tears,
And wipe them from their eyes.
- 21 O lovely is this ſpotleſs Lamb,
That came for our relief;
Who turn'd our mourning into joy,
And baniſh'd all our grief.
- 22 Yonder's their lovely dwelling-place,
Where pleaſures ſhall endure;
For in God's houſe they dwell for ay,
Their happineſs is ſure.
- 23 O but their pleaſures will be great!
From trouble they'll be free;
And ſhine in glory evermore,
Unto eternity.
- 24 They ſhall rejoice for evermore,
In a triumphant ſong;
And ſing to Chriſt melodiouſly,
'Mongſt ſaints and angels ſtrong.
- 25 Let ſaints now ſing, and never ſigh
With heavineſs at all;
But evermore be glad in heart,
To endleſs ages all.



H Y M N LXII.

*The Saint's Conversation above with Angels, and the
Spirits of just Men made Perfect, PHIL. iii. 20.*

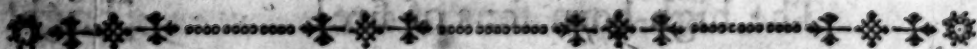
- 1 **W**AKE all my hopes, lift up your eyes,
And crown your heads with mirth:
See how they shine beyond the skies,
Who once did dwell on earth.
- 2 Peace! busy thoughts; away vain cares,
That clog us here below:
Let us go up above the spheres,
And to each order bow.
- 3 Hail, glorious angels, heirs of light;
The high-born sons of fire! [bright;
Whose hearts burn chaste, whose flames shine
All joy, yet all desire.
- 4 Hail, holy saints, in longing hope,
And expectation seat;
Till for your King, heav'n did set up,
It's everlasting gates.
- 5 Hail, great apostles of the Lamb,
Who brought that early ray;
Which from our sun reflected came,
And made our first bright day.

6 Hail, gen'rous martyrs, whose strong hearts,
Bravely rejoic'd to prove;
How weak pale death, are all thy darts?
Compar'd to that of love.

7 Hail, blessed prophets, who once died;
A death too love did give:
Whilst your own flesh you crucified,
To make your spirit live.

8 Hail, all you happy spirits above,
Who make that glorious ring;
About the sparkling throne of love;
And there for ever sing.

9 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The undivided three;
To thee be praise, and pow'r, and love,
Ascrib'd eternally.

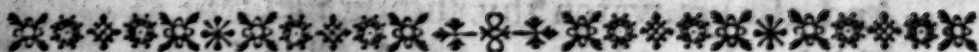


H Y M N LXIII.

*The happy Effects of a Sinner's Consideration; which
every Christian should Meditate on, every Morning
when he opens his Eyes, Isa. i. 3.*

1 **O** PEN thine eyes, my soul, and see,
Once more the light returns to thee;
Look round about, and chuse the way,
Thou mean'st to travel o'er to day.

- 2 Think on the dangers thou may'st meet,
And always watch thy sliding feet;
Think where thou once hast fall'n before,
And mark the place, and fall no more.
- 3 Think on the helps thy God bestows,
And mind to steer thy life by those;
Think on the sweets thy soul did feel,
When thou didst good, and so do still.
- 4 Think on the pains that shall torment,
Those stubborn men that ne'er repent;
Think on those joys that wait above,
To crown the head of holy love.
- 5 Think what at last will be thy part,
If thou go'st on, where now thou art:
See life and death, set thee to chuse;
One thou must take, and one refuse.
- 6 O my dear Lord! guide thou my course;
And draw me on with thy sweet force:
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
To thee my way, to thee my end.
- 7 Now! glory to the sacred three;
One undivided Deity:
As it has been in ages gone,
May now, and ever still be done.



H Y M N LXIV.

A Glance of the Resurrection-Morning, and Judgment-Day; for the Comfort of the true Believer, who is looking for CHRIST's second appearance. Let every partial and unjust Judge, that barras the Poor, and neglect the Cause of the Just, think of this in time, JOEL i. 15. and ii. 1, 2, 3, 30, 31, 32.

- 1 **I** 'VE set before you as I can;
 Ev'n life, or death to ev'ry man;
 Life to all those who does not stray,
 And pleasures that will last for ay.
- 2 Death to the wicked, ev'ry one,
 Devouring fire, destruction:
 With right'ous men it will be well,
 When Christ their fore-heads all will seal.
- 3 When in the clouds, Jesus doth place,
 His throne of judgment and of grace;
 Justice to give to ev'ry one;
 Then saints will sing, but sinners groan.
- 4 For right'ous men then will arise,
 To meet their Lord, in ærial skies;
 Their heav'nly glory to receive,
 Whene'er they rise out of their grave.

- 5 All right'ous men there safe will stand,
In glory shine on Christ's right-hand;
Who is the Judge of all the earth,
And right'ous judgment will bring forth.
- 6 No partial judgment there will be,
To men of high or low degree:
Nor yet respect of persons there;
For poor and rich alike shall fare.
- 7 This is great comfort to the poor,
Who troubles on this earth endure;
That poor and rich will equal be,
God's mercy to them all is free.
- 8 To such as love him, and him fear,
They all in glory will appear:
The Judge that sits upon the throne,
He is so just, he wrongeth none.
- 9 For they shall all rewarded be,
With riches through eternity:
The rich man then will get no more,
Than beggars do from door to door.
- 10 Some earthly monarchs here bear rule,
And in their judgments sometimes crule;
Because they do the poor oppress;
The poor man can get no redress:
- 11 Because they act as earthly gods,
Oppressing them with heavy loads:
They may not speak to them again;
The poor man's plaint they do disdain.

- 12 But no such thing there is above;
 There, perfect justice, peace, and love;
 So all their pleasures will excel
 In heav'n, where they shall ever dwell.
- 13 This is great comfort to those men,
 Whom CHRIST their Judge will not condemn;
 For he will say to those who stand,
 With pleasure then on his right-hand:
- 14 Enter ye all into my rest,
 And joys that will for ever last;
 Then they shall all ascend on high,
 With songs of praise most pleasantly.
- 15 With Christ their Saviour, and their King;
 And guards of angels into heav'n;
 Their glory there, it will excel,
 More than what angels now can tell.
- 16 So they will stay about the throne,
 Of the almighty God alone;
 In glory they shall shine so bright,
 We cannot speak of it aright.
- 17 No man on earth can understand,
 The joys that are at God's right-hand;
 But weakly view them in a glass,
 Till thy go in and them possess.
- 18 If once within this holy place,
 Then they will see him face to face:
 These heav'nly joys they will then see,
 Possess them to eternity.



H Y M N LXV.

The humble Supplication of a Sinner, under a sense of Sin and Unworthiness, PSAL. xxv. 16, 17, 18.

1 **O** LORD! on whom I do depend,
Behold my wounded heart;
And when thy will and pleasure is,
Relieve me of my smart.

2 Thou see'st my sorrows what they are,
My grief is known to thee;
And there is none that can remove,
Or take the same from me.

3 But only thou, whose aid I crave,
Whose mercy still is prest;
To ease all those that come to thee,
For succour and for rest:

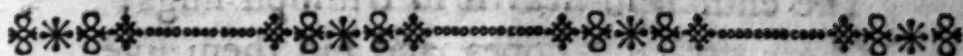
4 And since thou see'st my restless eyes,
My tears, and grievous groan;
Attend unto my suit, O Lord!
Mark will my plaint and moan.

5 For sin hath so inclosed me,
And compast me about;
That I am now undone for ay,
If mercy help not out:

- 6 For mortal man can not release,
Nor mitigate my pain :
But only Christ, my Lord and God,
Who for my sins was slain.
- 7 Whose bloody wounds are yet to see,
Though not with mortal eye ;
Yet do the faints behold them all ;
And so I trust shall I.
- 8 Though sin doth hinder me a while,
When thou shalt see it good ;
I shall enjoy the sight of Christ,
And see his wounds and blood.
- 9 And as thine angels, and thy faints,
Do now behold the same ;
So trust I to possess that place,
With them to praise his name.
- 10 But while I live here in this vale,
Where sinners do frequent ;
Assist me ever with thy grace,
My sins for to lament :
- 11 Lest that I tread in sinners path,
And give them my consent ;
To dwell with them in wickedness,
Where nature is too bent.
- 12 Only thy grace must be my stay,
Lest that I fall down flat ;
And being down, then of myself,
Cannot recover that.

- 13 Wherefore, this is yet once again,
My suit and my request;
To grant me pardon for my sins,
That I in thee may rest.
- 14 O Lord! turn not away thy face,
From him that lies prostrate;
Lamenting fore his sinful life,
Before thy mercy's gate.
- 15 And call me not to mine account,
How I have lived here:
For then I know right well, O Lord!
How vile I shall appear.
- 16 I need not to confess my life,
Sure I am thou canst tell,
What I have been, and what I am,
I know thou know'st it well.
- 17 O Lord! thou know'st what things be past,
And what things present be:
Thou know'st also what is to come;
Nothing is hid from thee.
- 18 Before the heav'ns and earth were made,
Thou know'st what things were then;
As all things else that have been since,
Among the sons of men.
- 19 And can the things that I have done,
Be hidden from thee then?
Nay, nay, thou know'st them all, O Lord!
Where they were done, and when.

- 20 Wherefore, with tears, I come to thee,
To beg, and to entreat;
Even as the child that doth ill,
And feareth to be beat.
- 21 So come I to thy mercy's gate,
Where mercy doth abound;
Requiring mercy for my sins,
To heal my deadly wound.
- 22 O Lord! I need not to repeat,
What I do beg or crave;
Thou know'st, O Lord! before I ask,
The thing that I would have.
- 23 Mercy, good Lord! mercy I ask;
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
Lord, let thy mercy come.
- 24 Then shall my voice, my tongue, and heart,
Be instruments of praise;
And in thy church and house above,
Sing psalms to thee always.



H Y M N LXVI.

*The Church Militant's Enquiry at the Church
Triumphant, REV. vii. 13.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, chase from thine eyes,
Thy drousy sloth, and quickly rise:
No less than kingdoms are prepar'd,
And endless blifs for thy reward.
- 2 'Tis not so poor a thing to be,
Servants to heav'n, dear Lord, and thee:
Not even here, where oft the wise,
Are most expos'd to injuries.
- 3 Sometimes thy hand lets gently fall,
A little drop that sweetens all:
O what hereafter shall we be!
When we shall have full draughts of thee.
- 4 Say, happy souls, whose thirst now meets,
The fresh and living streams of sweets;
Did you not find this true ev'n here?
Do you not find it truer there?
- 5 O yes! the sweets we taste exceed,
All we can say, or you can read;
On earth our cup was sweet, but mix'd;
Here all is pure, refin'd, and fix'd.

- 6 Hear'st thou, my soul, what glorious things,
The church in heav'n in triumph sings?
Chear thy faint hopes, and bid them live,
All these to thee, thy God will give.
- 7 Great God of rich rewards! who thus
Hast crown'd thy saints, and will crown us;
O may we both together sing,
Eternal praise to thee our King.



H Y M N LXVII.

*The Saints upon Earth's Question: The Reply of the
Saints above, REV. xiv. 3, 4, 5.*

- 1 **O** Tell me! you bright saints who shine,
Who once had bodies like to mine;
How are you now so glorious grown;
And stand around the Lamb's high throne?
- 2 Hark! with one voice, they all reply,
We upon Jesus fix'd our eye;
And on his true followers still,
In this was all our happy skill.
- 3 In him we clearly saw their mind,
Was to this state alone design'd;
And, like their steps, we order'd ours,
Towards this place, we strain'd all pow'rs.

- 4 So from all evil we abstain'd,
And flighting little drops we gain'd;
The full and sweet, and lasting flood,
The love of Christ, the greatest good.
- 5 Arm'd with firm fortitude we bear'd,
And mortal death, we bravely dar'd;
Great and small evils we did fly,
Rather than we for ever die.
- 6 Justice we observ'd, by giving
Ev'ry man their due, while living;
That so in peace and order due,
All we might freely heav'n pursue.
- 7 Prudence governed all the rest;
What was fittest, and what was best:
Prudence made us still apply,
T' encrease our love and charity.
- 8 So we arriv'd at this bright place,
Upon these golden wheels of grace;
That Christ's love chariot doth bear,
Now follow us, and never fear.
- 9 To him who made us all for this;
To him who leads us into bliss:
To him who made himself our way,
May be all praise and pow'r for ay.



H Y M N LXVIII.

CHRIST *the Believer's Glory: His suitableness to every situation of the Creature. Three Verses, every line of which is thrice worthy of Praise, COL. ii. 9.*

- 1 **W**HEN I am weak, Christ is my strength;
When dark, he is my light:
When guilty, he's my righteousness;
When sad, he's my delight.
- 2 When lost, he's my salvation;
When sick, he is my health:
When I am dead, he is my life;
When poor, he is my wealth.
- 3 In trouble, he's my present aid,
He comes before I call;
When I'm assaulted, he's my shield;
I'm nothing; he is all.

H Y M N LXIX.

St. AUGUSTIN'S HYMN.

- 1 **I** Thirst for thirstiness, I weep for tears;
The only thing I fear, is want of fears:
Well pleas'd I am, to be displeas'd thus;
Suspecting, I am not suspicious.
- 2 I cannot chuse to live, because I die;
And when I am not dead, how glad am I;
Yet when I am thus dead, for sense of pain,
Then do I grieve, for being glad again.
- 3 And careless am, lest I should careless be;
And fear lest carefulness, takes care from me:
Amidst those restless thoughts, this rest I find;
And those that rest not here, they rest behind.

H Y M N LXX.

*The AUTHOR Concluding, with a suitable Exhortation
to himself and others, P s A L. cxli. 2.*

- 1 **O** ! That my heart were always bent,
To praise this God of might;
Each morning when I rise from bed,
And likewise ev'ry night.

2 Who through the dark and silent night,
Doth me protect and keep;
When I am lying on my bed,
Refreshing me with sleep.

3 And gives me strength to rise again,
When shines the morning light:
O! may my heart be still with him;
And always my delight.

4 When on the morning I go forth,
Thy wond'rous works to see;
O that they may impress my heart,
To give due praise to thee.

5 For GOD created ev'ry thing,
That liveth, and doth move;
He made the sun that shines by day,
And all the orbs above.

6 And likewise he upholds the same,
By his great might and pow'r;
For ev'ry thing depends on him,
Their refuge most secure.

7 So ev'ry one that being hath,
Should praise his holy name;
Because he is a God of truth;
They should the same proclaim.

8 When I give others such advice,
That they may walk thereby;
O that I may observe the same,
To keep it carefully.

- 9 Though I am weakly of myself,
 God will give strength to me;
 For all my hope and confidence,
 O God! depends on thee.
- 10 O that this little book may still,
 Impress the heart and mind
 Of ev'ry one, that reads the same,
 That it may them incline,
- 11 To serve God with a perfect heart,
 And with a willing mind;
 Because he is a God of love;
 For ever he is kind.
- 12 To such as love him, and him fear,
 He is their Rock and Stay;
 He will not them forsake at all,
 Who walk in perfect way.
- 13 Which will be comfort unto them,
 When at a dying hour;
 For then they'll enter into rest,
 That ever will endure.

The END of the HYMNS.

(88)

A Collection of above one hundred and seventy NAMES, TITLES; and APPELLATIONS, given in the Holy Scriptures to the LORD JESUS CHRIST, our Glorious REDEEMER.

A

Alpha and Omega, Rev. i. 8. xi. 22. xiii. 21.
A Son, Isa. ix. 6. Matth. i. 21, 23.
Apostle, Heb. iii. 1.
Anointed, Acts x. 38. Isa. lxi. 1. Psal. ii. 2.
Anointed with the Holy Ghost, John i. 32.
Anointed without measure, Psal. xlv. 7. John iii. 34.
Advocate, 1 John ii. 1. Heb. ix. 24.
Able to save, Heb. vii. 25.
Author of Eternal Salvation, Heb. v. 9.
Author and Finisher of our faith, Heb. xii. 2.
Angel of the Covenant, Ex. xxiii. 2, 20, 23, 33. Rev. i. 1.
Angel of God's presence, Isa. lxiii. 9.
A Covert from the tempest, Isa. xxxii. 2.
Amen, Rev. iii. 14.

B

Beginning of the Creation of God, Rev. iii. 14. John i. 1, 2.
Bright Morning-Star, Rev. xxii. 2, 16, 24.
Begotten of the Father, John i. 14. Psal. ii. 7. Heb. i.
Babe, Luke ii. 12.
Brightness of the Father's glory, Heb. i. 3.
Blessed, 1 Tim. vi. 15, 19.
Beloved of God, Eph. i. 6. Luke iii. 22.

Bishop of our souls, 1 Pet. ii. 25.

Bridegroom, John iii. 29.

Bread from heaven, John vi. 50.

Branch, Isa. xi. 1. Zech. iii. 8.

Brother, Heb. ii. 11, 12.

C

Child, Isa. ix. 6.

Christ, Heb. ix. 11.

Christ the Lord, Luke ii. 11.

Christ the first Fruits, 1 Cor. xv. 23.

Chosen of God, 1 Pet. ii. 4.

Counsellor, Isa. ix. 6.

Chosen Servant, Matth. xii. 18. Luke xxiii. 35.

Corner-Stone, Eph. ii. 20.

Chief Corner-Stone, 1 Pet. ii. 6.

Captain of Salvation, Heb. ii. 10.

Captain of the Lord's Hosts, Josh. v. 14, 15.

Consolation of Israel, Luke ii. 25.

Consecrated for ever more, Heb. vii. 28.

D

David, Isa. xxx. 9. Ezek. xxxiv. 23, 24. Hof. iii. 5.

Deliverer, Isa. lix. 20. Rom. xi. 26.

Door of the sheep, John x. 7, 9.

E

Emmanuel, Isa. vii. 14.

Ever liveth, Heb. vii. 24.

Express Image, &c. Heb. i. 3.

Elect, 1 Pet. ii. 6. Isa. xlii. 1.

F

Father, Psal. ciii. 13.

First Begotten, Heb. i. 6. Rev. i. 5.

First Born, Col. i. 15, 18.

Faithful Witness, Rev. i. 5. and iii. 14.

Forrunner, Heb. vi. 20.

Full of Grace and Truth, John i. 14.

Fountain opened, Zech. xiii. 1.

First and Last, Rev. ii. 8.

G

God, Rom. ix. 5. 1 John v. 20.

Glory of the Lord, Isa. xl. 5. John i. 14.

Gift of God, John iv. 10.

Great Shepherd, Heb. xiii. 20.

Good Shepherd, John x. 11, 14.

Great Rock in a weary land, Isa. xxxii. 2.

Governor of Israel, Matth. ii. 6.

Great High Priest, Heb. iv. 14.

H

Higher than the heavens, Heb. vii. 26.

Head of the Church, Eph. v. 23. Col. i. 18.

Head of the Corner, Matth. xxi. 42.

Holy Child, Acts iv. 30.

Holy One, Isa. xl. 25. Acts iii. 14.

Holy and Harmless, Heb. vii. 26.

Holy One of God, Mark i. 24.

Hiding Place from the wind, Isa. xxxii. 2.

Hope, 1 Tim. i. 1.

Hope of Israel, Acts xxviii. 20.

23

Holy One of Israel, Isa. lx. 9.

Husband, 2 Cor. xi. 2.

Horn of Salvation, Psal. xviii. 2. Luke i. 69.

I

Jehovah, Gen. xxii. 14. Exod. vi. 3.

I am, Exod. iii. 14. John viii. 58.

Jesus, Matth. i. 21. Acts iii. 13. Heb. x. 19.

Just, Acts iii. 14.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, &c. Heb. xiii. 8, 10.

Image of the invisible God, Col. i. 15.

K

King, Psal. xlv. 11. Matth. xxi. 5.

King of the Jews, Matth. ii. 2.

King of Israel, John i. 49.

King of kings, Rev. xvii. 14.

L

Lamb, Rev. xvii. 14.

Lamb of God, John i. 29.

Last Adam, 1 Cor. xv. 45.

Lily of the Valleys, Song ii. 1.

Life, John xiv. 6.

Living Stone, 1 Pet. ii. 4.

Living Bread, John vi. 51.

Lyon of the Tribe of Judah, Rev. v. 5.

Lord, Luke ii. 11. Rom. i. 3.

Lord of Lords, Rev. xvii. 14.

M

Man, Acts xvii. 31. 1 Tim. ii. 5. Heb. viii. 3.

Mediator, 1 Tim. ii. 5. Heb. ix. 15.

Messiah, John i. 41. and iv. 25.
Melchizedec, Heb. vii. 1, 14, 15, 17, 21, 22, 24.
Minister of the Sanctuary, Heb. viii. 2.
Minister of the true Tabernacle, Heb. viii. 2. and 9, 15.
Mediator of the new Covenant, Heb. xii. 24.
Mediator of a better Covenant, Heb. viii. 6.
Messenger of the Covenant, Mal. iii. 1.
Michael, Rev. xii. 7.
Much better than the Angels, Heb. i. 4.
Minister of the Circumcision, Rom. xv. 8.
Made the Worlds, Heb. i. 2.
Mighty One of Jacob, Isa. lx. 16.
Mighty God, Isa. ix. 6.

N

New and living Way, Heb. x. 20.

O

Offspring of David, Rev. xxii. 16.
Our Wisdom, 1 Cor. i. 30.
Our Righteousness, 1 Cor. i. 30.
Our Sanctification, 1 Cor. i. 30.
Our Redemption, 1 Cor. i. 30.
Only Begotten of the Father, John i. 14.

P

Prophet, Acts iii. 21. Deut. xviii. 15.
Propitiation, 1 John ii. 2.
Priest, Heb. vii. 17, 21.
Physician, Matth. ix. 12. Psal. ciii. 3.
Purifier, Mal. iii. 3.
Precious, 1 Pet. ii. 4, 6.

Passover, 1 Cor. v. 7.
Potentate, 1 Tim. vi. 15.
Prince of Peace, Isa. ix. 6.
Prince of Life, Acts iii. 15.
Power of God, Rom. i. 16. 1 Cor. i. 24.
Prince of the kings of the earth, Rev. i. 5.

Q

Quickening Spirit, 1 Cor. xv. 45.

R

Rock, 1 Cor. x. 4. Deut. xxxii. 15.
Rock of offence, 1 Pet. ii. 8.
Roe, Song ii. 9.
Rose of Sharon, Song ii. 1.
Righteous Branch, Isa. xi. 1. Jer. xxiii. 5.
Righteous Servant, Isa. liii. 11.
Righteousness, 1 Cor. i. 30.
Ransom, Matth. xx. 28. 1 Tim. ii. 6.
Rabbi, John i. 38.
Refiner, Mal. iii. 3.
Ruler in Israel, Micah v. 2.
Redeemer, Job xix. 25. Isa. lix. 20.
Root of Jesse, Rom. xv. 12. Isa. xi. 10.
Root of David, Rev. xxii. 16.
Rivers of Water in a dry place, Isa. xxxii. 2.

S

Seed of the Woman, Gen. iii. 15.
Seed of David, 2 Tim. ii. 8.
Son of Man, Matth. xxv. 31. John iii. 13.
Son of David, Matth. i. 1.

Son of God, John i. 34. and ix. 35.
Son of the Most High, Luke i. 32.
Son of Righteousness, Mal. iv. 2.
Second Man, 1 Cor. xv. 47.
Stone of stumbling, 1 Pet. ii. 8.
Stone rejected, Matth. xxi. 42.
Shilo, Gen. xlix. 10.
Servant of God, Matth. xii. 18. Isa. xlii. 1.
Surety of a better Testament, Heb. vii. 22.
Shepherd, Isa. xl. 11. Ezek. xxxiv. 23.
Shepherd of our souls, 1 Pet. ii. 25.
Saviour, Luke ii. 11.
Saviour of the Body, Eph. v. 23.
Saviour of the world, John iv. 42.
Stone, a tried Stone,
Sure Foundation, } Isa. xxviii. 16.

T

Truth, John xiv. 6.
True Witness, Rev. iii. 14.
True Vine, John xv. 1.
The Son, Heb. vii. 28.
Testator, Heb. ix. 16.
The Lord our Righteousness, Jer. xxxiii. 6.

U

Undefiled, Heb. vii. 26.

V

Vine, John xv. 5.

W

Way, John xiv. 6.

Wonderful, Isa. ix. 6.

Word, John i. 1.

Word of God, Rev. xix. 13.

Wisdom of God, 1 Cor. i. 24.

With God, John i. 14.

Was God,

Y

Young Child, Matth. ii. 8.

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